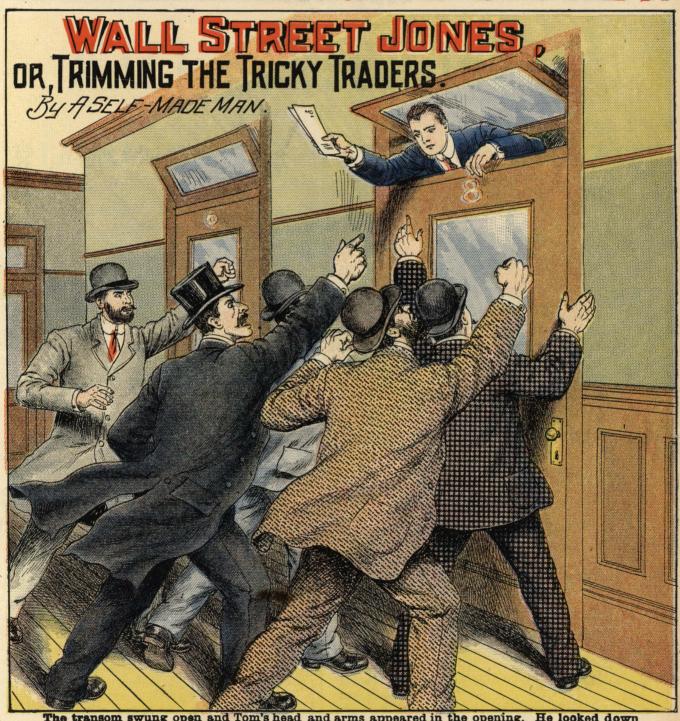
Nº 224. 5 (ents.) STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



The transom swung open and Tom's head and arms appeared in the opening. He looked down upon the angry brokers in the corridor. "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked suavely. "Have you come to settle?"

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STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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WALL STREET JONES

TRIMMING THE TRICKY TRADERS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

WALL STREET JONES.

"This seems to be a new tenant," said Broker Frazer, as he and Broker Sawyer paused before a recently-lettered door on the fourth floor of the Star Building in Wall

"Decidedly new," replied his companion, "and the way he has had his door lettered is decidedly singular, upon my

"It certainly is," coincided Frazer. "Entirely out of the common. I should judge from it that the new tenant is either eccentric, or has some particular reason for announcing himself in that way."

"One would think he was the only Jones in Wall Street the way he puts it," said Sawyer.

"And one who was the whole thing in his line. By the way, what is his business? There is nothing on the door to indicate what he does."

"A financier of some kind, I should imagine. Lends money, maybe, on gilt-edged securities, or something like that."

"On the strict Q.T., for instance," laughed Frazer.

"Very likely. To a select clientele. When you need money go to Jones," chuckled Sawyer.
"You mean 'Wall Street' Jones," corrected Frazer.

"Yes. When you look at it in that light the inscription doesn't look funny after all. It strikes me that 'Wall Street Jones' is the tenant's trade-mark. No doubt his sumedly it was connected directly with Wall Street.

business cards read the same way, with additional information indicating the nature of the business he transacts."

"Maybe he's some new broker from the West, who takes this unusual method of attracting attention and business. If he advertised himself as plain John Jones, broker, he would be merely one of the ordinary units of the financial district; but by putting himself forward as 'Wall Street Jones,' the speculating public is apt to think he is somebody above the common, and thus be led to patronize him. See the point?"

"I do. His apparent eccentricity might be a clever scheme to boost himself into prominence, as you say. An instance of every man his own press agent. Well, as he's on your floor, you'll probably find out more about him after awhile. Whether he's a broker, or a money lender, or a dealer in futures, or whatever his business is, it's pretty sure to come out before long, and then Mr. Wall Street Jones won't be the mystery he now is," said Sawyer, starting for the elevator with Frazer.

The brief inscription on the new tenant's door which had attracted the curiosity of the two brokers was certainly rather odd, and entirely different from any other sign in the building, or in Wall Street, for that matter.

It was simply "Jones" in conspicuous letters.

Above, in much smaller type, were the words "Wall Street."

Below, separated by several inches, was the word "Office."

That was all.

The tenant's line of business was not stated, but pre-

Had the two brokers been able to see through the frosted glass they would have seen "Wall Street" Jones at his desk, a new one, like every other bit of furniture in the room, which showed that the new tenant had provided himself with a spick and span outfit.

Furthermore, the brokers would have been struck by the youthfulness of "Mr." Jones, who certainly did not

look a day older than eighteen years.

Young as he appeared to be, there was a shrewd, wide awake look about his face that indicated if Jones was a boy he was no ordinary one.

At that moment Wall Street Jones was covering the top sheet of a letter-size pad with numerous figures, and the occupation seemed to interest him exceedingly.

"If I only had a million now what wouldn't I do to the combination who regard me as merely a very useful, but unimportant pawn on their chessboard?" he chuckled. "If things work out as I have planned them, I shall make a fortune out of my connection with the combine, and no one will be the wiser of how I did it. What a snap I have! And won't I nurse it? Well, say, I wasn't born yesterday. If the combine gets away with all the members have in sight they'll make a raft of money. And if they don't discover the identity of Wall Street Jones, there is no saying how much of the raft will come my way. I wouldn't exchange my chances to be President of the United States. But I can't be too cautious. The men at the head of the combine are sharper than a new razor. I can't afford to go to sleep at any stage of the game. If they ever learn that Wall Street Jones is the humble youth who has made his services almost indispensable to them, and whose eyes apparently see not, and ears hear not, when seeing and hearing is out of order, then there'll be something doing that will not be exactly to the liking of yours truly."

As the lad communed with himself he continued to add more figures to those already on the pad, and when he finally footed up the result he shook hands with himself, and looked as if the world wagged exceedingly well with him.

"The combine has A. & B. cornered so close that success is certain," he said. "In a day or two the stock will boom like a house afire, and the 100 shares which I bought at the bed-rock price of 72 will be worth, in the course of ten days, anywhere from 90 to par. When the orders are given to unload I will get out from under just a trifle in advance so that the cream will come my way. And that will be the beginning of Wall Street Jones' success. Maybe one of these days I'll be a new sensation for the Sunday magazine section of some enterprising daily. If that event materializes, as I fondly hope it may, Wall Street will have something to talk about that will make the graybeards sit up and take notice."

Jones shoved the pad from him, swung around in his pivot chair and looked out of the window.

It wasn't on Wall Street that Jones looked, but across a wide court that furnished light and air to that part of the building.

He had no particular object in looking across the court the action was simply mechanical—but the look proved of momentous importance to him as events turned out.

His eyes encountered a vision of female loveliness that quite took his breath away, and riveted his attention.

The female in question was a girl of perhaps seventeen ears.

The profile of her face was a perfect Grecian one, as flawless as any cameo carved by a master hand; while her features were framed in a brilliant setting of Titian-red hair, which is a tint that women rave over, but can never obtain in its purity except through nature.

If Wall Street Jones had a particular weakness it was for pretty girls, and the prettier they were the more they

impressed him.

Jones had seen a big bunch of pretty girls in the course of his youthful career, but nothing that approached this vision.

Whether it was that the young man's admiring glance attracted the young lady's attention, or she casually glanced across the court, certain it is their eyes met for an instant, and though the girl dropped her eyes immediately, that encounter was full with fate for both of them.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the boy. "She's a beaut and no mistake."

He continued to look at the young lady, but the girl bent over the work she was employed on, and did not look at him again.

"There's a girl I'd like to know," he said to himself. "There is something about her beside her good looks that attracts me. I never saw a young lady before who interested me so much."

He looked at his watch.

"Well, it's time I got my lunch and then got uptown. Two till five are not very strenuous office hours, even with an evening or two a week, on which to draw ten per. Most boys would call my job a gilt-edged snap, without any reference to what I have discovered is in it. Such things don't happen very often, unless you're some rich man's son, and the old man buys enough stock in some corporation to establish you in the position of secretary, with a good salary and little to do. The gods have certainly been very generous to me. Heaven, according to one of Æsop's fables, helps those who help themselves, and I'm going to help myself to everything in sight. That's business."

Wall Street Jones chuckled as he threw another glance across the court at the pretty girl employe in the office facing his.

Then he shut down the top of his desk, put on his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER II.

EDDIE EASTMAN, THE BOY WITH THE SOFT SNAP.

On the stroke of two o'clock a boy, who looked near enough like Wall Street Jones to be his twin brother, entered a big office building on Fifth Avenue south of Twenty-third Street.

As he stepped into one of the elevators the man in charge said:

"Hello, Eddie, how are things coming to-day?"

"They're coming my way in bunches," answered the boy, good-humoredly.

"I believe you. A fellow who goes to work at two and quits at five, and doesn't work on Saturday at all, except by special request, has nothing to complain about that

I can see," replied the elevator-man, secretly envying the youth who was waiting to go up to the fifth floor.

"You haven't heard me kick, have you?"

"I should say not. You haven't anything to kick about."

"How do you know? There may be weighty responsibilities resting on this dome of mine of which you do not dream."

"If there are you don't show any indications of the fact," laughed the elevator-man as he started the cage up. "You look as care-free as a bird."

"Looks don't always count. It is a mistake to judge

what's in a book by the appearance of its cover."

"I'd be willing to exchange my responsibilities, and wages, for yours any day, and count myself lucky. Well, here you are at your floor."

Eddie stepped out of the elevator and took his way along the corridor to a suite of apartments overlooking Fifth Avenue.

Three doors opening on the corridor connected with the suite.

The one before which Eddie paused, inserted a key in the lock and opened, was lettered "Thomas Q. Brown."

The others bore the simple word "Private."

What Thomas Q. Brown's business was did not appear. It must have been something of importance to warrant the use of an expensive suite of offices.

The room that Eddie entered was furnished with a magnificent rug, several fine chairs, a small desk near one of the windows, which Eddie took possession of after putting his derby in the closet, and a number of artistic engravings.

A door led into one of the other offices beyond.

It stood ajar, and through the opening came the intermittent ticking of an indicator similar to those in Wall Street brokers' offices.

Apparently there was no work on hand for Eddie to do, so he amused himself by looking down on the crowd of pedestrians who lined the opposite side of Fifth Avenue.

Half an hour passed away and then the door opened and

admitted a well-dressed man.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Brown," said the boy, rising and standing beside his desk.

"Good-afternoon, Eddie," returned the gentleman. "Any letters?"

Any letters

"No, sir."

"Anybody here yet?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Brown passed through into the next room, crossed it and entered the third one beyond.

Both of the rooms were handsomely furnished, particularly the inner one.

Five minutes afterward another gentleman came in.

This time Eddie didn't rise, but he nodded and said, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Gay."

Mr. Gay, who sported a Vandyke beard and looked prosperous, returned the greeting much in the same manner as Mr. Brown had done.

"Has Mr. Brown arrived?" he added.

"Yes, sir. Just came in."

Mr. Gay passed into the next room, stopped a moment or two at the ticker to look at the tape, and then knocked at the door of the inner office.

"Come in," said a voice, and he entered and shut the door.

In the course of the next half hour six more gentlemen, all on a par with Mr. Brown and Mr. Gay, came in, exchanged greetings with Eddie, and vanished inside.

During the two hours that followed Eddie was called upon to do various things, and was sent out on a couple of errands.

At half-past four another gentleman connected with the bunch on hand came in and joined the rest.

The crowd remained until a quarter past five, and then departed in twos and threes.

Mr. Brown and the gentleman with the Vandyke beard were the last to go.

As soon as they were gone Eddie walked into the middle room and spent ten minutes looking at the tape that lay in the basket beside the ticket.

"It's up to 76. Good enough. To-morrow it will be higher," he said.

He entered the private room and looked around.

There were several pieces of crushed paper in the waste basket alongside of Mr. Brown's desk.

Eddie picked them up, smoothed them out and read what was written on them.

He put one in his vest pocket and tossed the others back.

Then he locked up and started for home.

Eddie, whose other name was Eastman, lived in a small flat in Harlem with his mother and two sisters.

His father was a traveling man for a big wire manufacturing concern, and was away from home a large part of his time.

Eddie was, therefore, looked upon as the man of the house.

He sat at the head of the table, except when his father was home, and to a certain extent bossed the ranch.

His mother was proud of him, as mothers usually are of an only son who behaves himself, while his sisters thought there wasn't another boy in the universe who was able to line up with him.

Supper was ready when he reached the flat, and he was

ready for supper.

"Did you bring those picture postals I asked you to get me?" asked his sister May, as the family sat down to the meal.

"Sure I did," replied Eddie. "Do you think I'd forget anything you asked me for, sis?"

"You're the best boy in the world," she cried as he fished some picture cards out of an inside pocket and tossed them over to her.

As she was looking the postals over a business card dropped out of them on to her plate.

She picked it up and looked at it.

This is what she read:

"Wall Street Jones, Office, Room 666, No.—— Wall Street, New York City."

"Here's a card I found among the postals, Eddie," she said, holding it up. "Do you want it?"

"Yes, I'll take it," grinned the boy.

"Funny name, isn't it? Wall Street Jones."

"What's funny about it? It's the business card of Mr. Jones of Wall Street."

"He doesn't say what his business is. Is he a broker, do you know?"

"He's an operator."

"An operator! What does he operate on?"

"On the market."

"What does he do to the market?"

"It's hard to tell just what he'll do to it if he gets the chance," chuckled Eddie.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Then I'll explain, sis. An operator is one who speculates in stocks on his own personal account. A man who makes a business of keeping abreast of Wall Street affairs. A large speculator and wire-puller in fact."

"Oh! I always thought an operator was a person who ran some kind of a machine. Girls who work on sewing-machines are called operators, I know."

"That's another kind of operator altogether."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Jones?"
"Yes. I've known him a long time."

"Is he connected with those capitalists you work for?"

"He is in a way."

"I suppose he's wealthy?"

"He's got as much money as I have, I'll guarantee that," laughed Eddie.

"What a ridiculous answer," said his sister. "Do you suppose he's worth a million or more?"

"No, I don't suppose anything of the kind."

"Have you ever been in his office?"

"Oh, yes; I was there to-day."

"You seem to spend a good deal of your spare time in Wall Street. What do you do there?"

"Learning the ropes."

"Are you thinking of becoming a broker some day?" she laughed.

"I might if things pan out right."

"You'd need a lot of money to become a broker, wouldn't you?"

"Yes; I'd need more than I've got now."

"I guess you will—a good deal more."

After that the conversation turned to other subjects, and Wall Street Jones was forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

Next morning at ten o'clock Wall Street Jones walked into his office and took his seat at his desk.

The first thing he did was to glance across the court, and there at her desk sat the lovely girl who so interested him.

While his gaze was on her she looked across and again their eyes met.

She turned her face away almost immediately, and did not look his way again, at least while his attention was on her, but the glance she had given him was not soon forgotten.

Jones remained in his office an hour or more watching the quotations on the tape.

He seemed to have no other business on hand.

He noted down on the pad the A. & B. quotations as fast as they came out.

The stock advanced from time to time, and registered at 79 when Jones got up, put on his hat, and after another glance at the girl, left the office.

He went straight to the Exchange, walked up into the gallery and remained there till half-past twelve.

Fifteen minutes later he was eating his lunch in a Broadway restaurant.

He took his time at the meal, and it was about one when he paid his check and walked outside.

As he approached the corner of Pine Street a girl turned the corner and came toward him.

He recognized her at once as the lovely young lady who worked in the office across the court from his place.

Suddenly he saw a dapper-looking young man edging toward her.

"I'll bet that chap means to speak to her," thought the boy. "If he does, and she puts up a kick at his nerve, I'll step in and hand him out a call down."

The young man did something not expected by Wall Street Jones.

He snatched away her hand-bag and darted into the first entrance at hand.

"My gracious!" breathed the boy. "If he isn't a crook and not a masher. I must take a hand at this, and not let him get away."

As the girl uttered a low cry and stood seemingly dazed at the theft, Jones darted for the office building entrance through which he had seen the young man vanish.

There was no sign of the fellow on the ground corridor, where a small elevator was waiting for a passenger, so the boy ran up the first flight of stairs to the second floor.

The building being a narrow one, Jones could easily see if any one was standing anywhere along the corridor.

Nobody was, so he continued on up to the third floor. That floor was likewise deserted, and the boy began to wonder if the crook had entered one of the offices on that floor or the ones below.

He could easily have done that, putting up any old excuse for doing so.

"Well, the only thing I can do is to keep on up," he said to himself, and he did.

Two men came out of offices on the fourth floor and went over to the elevator, but there was no sign of the thief.

There was only one more flight, and Jones ascended it, not expecting to find his man there.

When he reached it he saw the scuttle in the corner open, and a pair of legs, that looked familiar to him, disappearing through it.

The scuttle was then shut.

"I'll bet that's the chap for a dollar," thought the boy. "It's me for the roof to find out."

He went up the ladder, pushed open the scuttle and stuck his head out.

Right before him, three yards away, sitting on the firewall between the building and its neighbor, was the fellow who had snatched the girl's bag.

Jones recognized him at once.

If he wanted further evidence of the chap's identity he could have found it in the bag, which stood beside the well-dressed rascal.

It was open and in his hands was a roll of bills he was counting with a look of great satisfaction.

The fellow wasn't asleep, however.

The moment the scuttle opened and the boy's head appeared, he jumped to his feet and thrust the money into his outside pocket.

"Hello!" said Jones.

"Hello, yourself," returned the crook.

"What are you doing up here?"

"What's that your business, young fellow?"

Jones stepped out on the roof and let the lid of the scuttle fall back into its place.

"I'll trouble you for that money you have taken out of the bag you stole from the young lady on the sidewalk just now," he said, advancing.

"What's that?" asked the dapper young man, stepping over the fire-wall on to the adjoining roof.

"You heard what I said. I want that money."

"What are you talking about?" asked the thief, continuing to back away.

"You know what I'm talking about. Hand the roll over and you can go your way."

"I guess you're talking rag-time, young fellow."

"You'll soon be doing time if you don't shell out your plunder," returned the boy in a resolute tone.

"You're crazy," answered the crook, stepping over the next fire-wall.

"Am I? What are you retreating for if you've got nothing to be afraid of?"

"Just taking a little exercise," grinned the dapper young man, sardonically.

"I'll give you all and more than you want when I reach you."

"Really, you're joking, aren't you?" replied the thief, in a sarcastic tone.

"Are you going to give up that money you stole?"

"Money I stole! I admire your cheek."

Wall Street Jones, having reached the limit of his patience, made a sudden dash at the thief, clearing the firewall between them as easily as an accomplished gymnast.

The dapper young man, seeing him coming, took to his heels, and a very pretty race across the roofs ensued.

This didn't last long, as the corner building was taller by several stories than the others, and the fleeing thief's progress was blocked.

He then resorted to dodging, but the boy was fully as spry as he and managed to get quite close to him.

"Now, then, I'll give you one more chance. Hand over the money and I won't bother with you any more, though I ought to hand you over to the police," said Jones, feeling satisfied that the game was almost in his hands.

"You'll let up on me, will you?" replied the crook, foxily.

"I will."

"Well, here it is."

He took the wad out of his pocket and held it toward the boy.

As Jones reached for it, the young man suddenly sprang at him and dealt him a blow in the face that almost knocked him down.

The advantage he thus secured enabled him to get around the boy and retreat the way he had come.

Jones, much chagrined at the trick the fellow had played on him, pursued him at a hot clip.

The thief reached the scuttle through which he had gained the roof.

He threw it back, and started to get down it, intending to close the scuttle and catch it on the underside, thus marooning his pursuer on the roof.

Jones was just the least bit too quick for him.

He grabbed the lid of the scuttle with one hand and the crook by the collar with the other.

The fellow struggled hard, but couldn't shake him off.

"Now we'll talk business," said Jones, coolly.

"Let me go or you'll regret it," stormed the man.

"I never regret doing the right thing. Hand up that money or take the consequences."

"The money belongs to me," replied the dapper young

"Tell that to the marines. You took it out of the young lady's bag and was counting it when I came up here."

"That bag belongs to me."

"That's another lie. You ought to join the Ananias Club. What did you run away from me for?"

"Because you ordered me off the roof."

"That's lie three. Now, look here, I've no more time to waste on you. Hand up that money or I'll take it from you and knock spots out of you besides."

The crook made another desperate effort to break the

boy's grip, but failed.

"You see you can't get away, so you'd better knuckle down."

Suddenly the rascal jabbed his hand into his hip-pocket, pulled out a revolver and aimed it at Jones.

"Now will you let me go!" he snarled, with his finger on the trigger.

CHAPTER IV.

WALL STREET JONES IS COMPLIMENTED.

Wall Street Jones was rather taken aback by the threatening revolver, but in a moment he decided on his

He was holding the scuttle-lid with one hand for support, while he held on to the crook's collar with the other.

"Are you going to let go of me?" asked the dapper young man again. "If you don't I'll put a bullet into your gizzard."

"You hold a full hand and I'll have to give up," replied the Wall Street boy.

"Then give up and close your trap."

"Point your gun away and I'll let go of you."

The crook moved it a few inches aside and Jones let go his grip.

As the fellow turned to rush down the ladder the boy slammed the scuttle suddenly down on his head.

He fell stunned to the bottom and lay like a log.

Jones opened the scuttle and looked down.

"He's settled for awhile. Now to get the money away from him."

Before descending the ladder he walked over to the firewall and secured the girl's bag.

Then he went down, and looked the crook over.

"He may be badly hurt, but that's his funeral. When he drew his gun on me I had to defend myself as best I could."

He put his hand in the young man's pocket and drew out the roll of bills.

Popping it into the bag he snapped the catch.

"I guess I won't bother about this chap. He ought to be pulled in, but I am not anxious to go to court to-morrow on his account."

Leaving the rascal to come to his senses in the course of time, Wall Street Jones walked downstairs and gained the walk.

He didn't expect to meet the young lady there after the time that had passed, so he walked around to the Pine Street entrance of the office building where she worked, and taking an elevator up, made his way to the office that faced his own, across the court.

The name on the door was Walter Pratt, and his business was that of a lawver.

Jones entered and asked if Mr. Pratt was in.

"He is," replied a young clerk, "but he's engaged at present. Give me your name and business, and I will take it in to him."

"My name is Jones, and my business is to return a bag that was stolen a short time ago from a young lady who I believe works in this office."

"Come right into his office," said the clerk, with a complete change of manner. "He'll be glad to see you, and so will Miss Sprague, who is all broke up over the theft. She's in the private office with Mr. Pratt now."

The clerk opened the door of the inner room and ushered the visitor inside.

"Here is a boy named Jones, Mr. Pratt. He has brought back the bag taken from Miss Sprague," he said, and then withdrew.

The girl uttered a gasp at the news and looked at Jones. She instantly recognized him as the young man who occupied the office across the court, and she was greatly surprised that it should be he who had brought her bag back.

Jones walked up and placed the bag on the lawyer's desk.

"There is a roll of money in it, which the thief nearly got away with. I guess you'll find it all right," he said.

"I am much obliged to you, young man," said Mr. Pratt, "and so, I am sure, is Miss Sprague, for your kindness in bringing the bag and the money back. Let us hear how you managed to recover it."

Jones told the whole story of his adventure with the well-dressed thief.

"There is the revolver he pulled on me, and which I took to keep as a souvenir of the affair," said the boy, exhibiting the weapon.

"You're a plucky young man," said Lawyer Walter Pratt, approvingly. "The man ought to have been arrested, however."

"I didn't care to have to go to the police-court to prosecute him. Besides, it would have tied up the money, which the police would have retained as evidence."

"That's true," replied Mr. Pratt. "The money belongs to a client of mine. I was sending it to him by Miss Sprague. It is quite a sum—\$1,000."

"You haven't counted it to see if it is all there," said

Jones.

"I will do so," said the lawyer, and he did. "The

amount is correct. Now I think you deserve something for your services in this matter, so if you will accept this \$100-bill, it will give me great pleasure to present it to you."

"Not a cent," replied Jones. "I considered it my duty to overhaul that rascal and get the bag away from him, though I had no idea it contained much money. I supposed it held the young lady's pocketbook, and that she would probably be somewhat embarrassed by the loss."

"You are very kind to take so much trouble on my account," said the girl, giving him a glance that made his heart beat a bit quicker than usual.

"You are welcome, Miss Sprague. I am very glad to have been of service to you. Now I think I will take my leave, as I'm in a hurry to get uptown."

"Are you employed in this neighborhood?" asked Mr.

"No. I have an office in this building, on this floor, in fact, right across the court from you."

-"Indeed," replied the lawyer, in some surprise. "May I ask your name?"

"It is Jones. There is my card," and the boy handed him his pasteboard.

"Wall Street Jones," read the lawyer, with something of a smile at the oddness of it. "You must be well known in the Street."

"Well, no; I can't say that I am. I suppose you think the way I have worded my card somewhat singular; but it is simply a business device. The same words are on my door. There are a number of Jones in Wall Street. It will set the Street guessing who Wall Street Jones is. I shall have to ask you as a favor, not to give the fact away that this particular Jones is a boy. Let the traders find it out themselves."

"I won't say a word about you, Mr. Jones. If you ever want a favor, legal or otherwise, drop in and see me, and I will be pleased to help you out without any charge."

"Thank you, Mr. Pratt. I will bear your offer in mind," replied the boy, getting up. "I will now wish you good-afternoon, and you also, Miss Sprague."

"I hope you will understand that I am very grateful to you, Mr. Jones," said the girl, with another fascinating glance.

"That's all right. You're welcome."

Thus speaking, Jones bowed to both, and left the office.

That afternoon Eddie Eastman was late in reaching the Fifth Avenue office.

"You're behind time to-day, young man," said the elevator attendant, when Eddie stepped into the cage. "Mr. Brown went up half an hour ago."

"Can't help it. Things happened to detain me."

Eddie entered the offices and went straight to the private room.

"Sorry I'm late to-day, Mr. Brown, but I really couldn't help it. Hope I haven't inconvenienced you," he said.

"That's all right, Eddie," smiled the boss of the place.
"I had no occasion to call on your services."

Eddie bowed and returned to his desk.

Only three of the gentlemen appeared that afternoon, and they didn't show up till about four o'clock.

The boy was in the office several times, and heard the

four gentlemen discussing A. & B. stock, and the operations of the syndicate that was booming it, but as their language was couched in the jargon of the Street, Eddie was not presumed to understand what they were talking about, and so they did not pay any attention to his presence.

Just the same Eddie kept his ears wide open, and by the time the consultation broke up he knew all that was going on, just as he had known all the plans of the combine from the first.

"A. & B. is now up to 80," he said. "That puts me \$800 to the good. It will go to 90, beyond a doubt, probably 95. In fact the combine has such a grip on the market that the price may be forced to par. That would mean a profit of over \$2,500 for me, and no one but my friend, Broker Cox, need know that I've had anything whatever to do with Wall Street. What a snap! To be able to play the market with stacked cards. Why, it's just like finding money."

Then Eddie put on his hat and went home.

CHAPTER V.

WALL STREET JONES CLOSES OUT HIS FIRST DEAL.

Wall Street Jones was at his office at half-past nine next morning.

He looked across the court but the young lady was not at her desk.

Opening his morning paper, he began reading the news. As he finally turned to the market report, which he had already scanned on his way down town, he looked across the court, and this time he saw Miss Sprague at her desk.

At that moment she, too, looked across, and favored him with a bow and a smile.

Jones returned it, feeling that his adventure of the preceding afternoon had, in a manner, introduced him to the lovely divinity he was so interested in.

He knew her name and she knew his, and in the light of the favor he had rendered her the boy guessed it wouldn't be very hard for him to get better acquainted with her in a short time.

After reading a Wall Street daily for which he subscribed, Jones devoted the rest of the morning to the ticker.

A. & B., in which he was interested to the extent of 100 shares, continued to advance and went to 83 by noon.

He was preparing to go to his lunch when there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said the boy.

In walked Broker Frazer.

He looked curiously around the room, and then said:

"Mr. Jones is not in, I believe?"

"Did you wish to see Mr. Jones on business?" asked the new tenant.

"Well, that depends."

"On what?"

"Whether Mr. Jones does business in my line or not."

"What is your line?"

"I'm a broker."

"Mr. Jones is not a broker."

"Lends money on good security, perhaps?" said Frazer, whose object in calling was to find out just what Wall Street Jones' business was.

"No, sir."

"What does he do then?"

"Attends strictly to his own business."

The answer was not very enlightening and Broker Frazer was nonplussed.

He scratched his chin and looked hard at the boy.

"Then I may assume that Mr. Jones has his own special line of customers, and that he does business on the quiet, as it were?" he said.

"You may assume that Mr. Jones is perfectly satisfied with the business he has on hand at present, Mr. beg your pardon, you haven't told me your name."

"My name is Frazer. I have an office on this corridor." "Thank you. If Mr. Jones should have any business

to transact with you he will call on you."

"Then he sometimes does business in the market?" said Frazer, with some interest.

"He sometimes employs the services of a broker."

"I shall be pleased to serve him in that capacity at any time," replied Frazer, with some alacrity, scenting a new customer. "Here is my card. Tell him that I called, and will be glad to have him visit me at any time."

Jones, who evidently was not disclosing his identity just then, bowed, and Mr. Frazer took his departure, as much in the dark as ever as to what Wall Street Jones did for a living.

The young operator then locked up and went to his

lunch, after which he took a car up Broadway.

Hardly had he departed when Thomas Q. Brown and his associate, Edward Gay, came along the corridor and noticed the sign on the boy's office door.

"Wall Street Jones," exclaimed Brown, stopping and looking at it. "Who in thunder is he? A new tenant, evidently, for the office was not rented last week. I wonder what his business is? Mighty odd sign, upon my word."

"It certainly is," responded Gay.

"I thought I knew every one of any importance in the Street, but I'm bound to say that I never heard of Wall Street Jones before. Must be some newcomer to Wall Street," and Eddie Eastman's boss passed on with his companion.

A week passed away, during which A. & B., under the manipulation of the Brown syndicate, advanced, amid great excitement in the Exchange, to par-a rise of 28

points in two weeks.

Nobody in Wall Street could find out who the capitalists were who were behind the boom.

Various big operators, including Thomas Q. Brown, who had his office in the Mills Building, were suspected of having a hand in it, but all the efforts of the traders failed to develop the information they were looking for.

Mr. Brown seemed to have no interest in it, at any rate. His cashier and bookkeeper was willing to swear he hadn't, though it wasn't his place to give out any information.

Mr. Brown's regular brokers were not acting for him, which satisfied them that he was not in on the A. & B. rise.

The operator himself denied that he was responsible in any way for the stock's big jump, and as far as appearances went, his word seemed good.

He came to his office late in the morning and left be-

fore the Exchange closed, which he was never known to do when he had anything on the hooks.

Mr. Edward Gay, who was known to be hand-in-glove with Brown, also appeared to be serenely indifferent concerning the rise of A. & B.

The brokers who were pushing A. & B. had never done any business for Brown, nor for any big capitalist specially.

So Brown was dropped out of the calculations of the Street.

Whatever clique of operators was working A. & B. the boom was one of the greatest of the year, and the insiders appeared to have everything their way.

One morning Wall Street Jones, when he came down town, instead of going to his own office, as usual, went directly to the office of a young trader in a Broad Street office building and sent in his name.

He was admitted at once.

"Good-morning, Mr. Talcott," he said.

"Good-morning, Jones," said the young broker, offering him his hand. "Sit down. I've been expecting you to show up these last few days. Your stock has gone kiting—in fact A. & B. has broken all records of late—and I've been looking for you to give me your order to sell."

"That's what I called for this morning," replied Jones.
"I'm glad to hear it. I was afraid you'd delay till a slump set in, which would be too bad, considering your luck in getting in on such a winner. Such things do not happen very often to the same person, and \$1,000 is a good deal of money for a boy like you to lose through not knowing when to get out from under."

"Make out the order and I'll sign it. Then get to the Exchange as soon as it opens and sell my shares. A. & B. won't go much above par, you can take my word for it."

"You talk as if you had inside information."

"I'm simply talking common sense. The present altitude of A. & B. is away above its normal value. Only some syndicate with a raft of coin could have forced it up to such a figure as it is now selling at, with the woods full of buyers, too. A whole lot of people are going to get hurt in their pocketbooks over this boom, but I don't intend to be one of them, if I can help myself."

"That's where you're level-headed; but I don't see how you had the nerve to hold on so long. Most of the conservative operators have already got out, fearing a slump at any moment. I had some of it myself, which I bought at 75. I sold out at 90, not expecting it would go much higher. I certainly didn't dream of it going to par. And I don't believe any sane broker did either."

"Nerve is my strong point," laughed Jones. "I took a chance on it going to par and it has gone there. I'm

satisfied."

"You ought to be. I'll get over to the Exchange right away and let your 100 shares go to whoever is anxious to pay the market for them," said Broker Talcott.

"That's right," replied Jones, getting up and bidding

his broker good-by.

He went to his office and watched the ticker for the next half an hour, after exchanging a bow and a smile with Miss Sprague across the court.

At the end of that time an A. D. T. messenger brought a note to him from Broker Talcott, announcing the sale of his shares at $100\frac{3}{8}$.

That gave him a profit of \$28 a share, or \$2,800 on the 100 shares over all expenses.

"Just think if I'd only been able to buy 1,000 shares instead of a measly 100, I'd have cleared \$28,000," thought Jones, as he contemplated the contents of the note. "However, it's a good thing I had \$1,000 in the bank—the legacy I got from my aunt two years ago, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to have taken advantage of the opportunity to make easy money that came my way. As the combine seems to be a permanent institution, or at least a fixture for some time to come, I may hope to get in line with the next deal that's gotten under way, and as I'll have three times as much capital at my back I'll be able to make a whole lot more profit than I've pulled out of A. & B. With a dead open and shut game to count on I can well afford to go the whole hog every time. If I don't make \$50,000 before I'm a year older, I shall be greatly disappointed."

Jones didn't bother with the ticker quotations any more

during the remainder of his stay in the office.

He was through with the market for awhile, consequently the further movement of A. & B. had no particular interest for him.

That day the syndicate began to unload its heavy holdings, and so artfully was the selling managed by the brokers in charge, that the stock declined hardly anything to speak of, and the Brown combine gathered in large profits.

Three days later Mr. Gay, the treasurer of the syndicate, divided up the winnings, at the Fifth Avenue office, and each of the ten members of the pool carried away a small fortune as the result of the successful boom.

Before leaving each of the gentlemen contributed \$10 to a pot which Mr. Brown afterward presented to Eddie with the compliments of the combine, and the boy took the \$100 home and presented it to his mother.

Why didn't he keep the \$100?

Well, there was a reason.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBBERY OF THE BANK MESSENGER.

Although Wall Street Jones appeared regularly at his office after the culmination of his A. & B. deal, he did nothing more strenuous there than to read the financial news of the district and watch the ticker occasionally as a mere matter of curiosity.

The market had no special interest for him now that he was out of it, and whether stocks went up or down, their fluctuations did not cause him even a ripple of excitement.

He didn't intend to invest a dollar in anything until he got hold of another tip from the same quarter he secured his first one.

Under these circumstances his office was an expensive luxury.

He might just as well have had his office in his hat, as the expression is, and thus save rent.

Ultimately Jones expected to use his office to some advantage, and for the present it suited his views to pay rent even if it wasn't profitable.

One morning about eleven o'clock, as Jones was passing a well-known bank on Broadway, not a great distance

from the post-office, he noticed a well-dressed young man lounging near the entrance, whose countenance looked quite him.

Taking a closer look at him he recognized the person as the crook who had snatched Miss Sprague's bag out of her hand four weeks since, and would have got away with the \$1,000 that was in it, only that he (Jones) had chased him to the roof of the building, into which he fled, and got it away from him.

"I wonder if he's hanging around here in expectation of pulling off some new piece of crooked business?" thought Jones. "As I'm not in a hurry I'll just keep my eye on him for a few minutes. He's a foxy rooster, and needs watching."

At that moment a bright-looking youth of sixteen, whose leather bag, attached to his person by a strap, proclaimed him a bank messenger, came out of the bank and started down Broadway toward Wall Street.

The crook ran up to the messenger, threw something in his face which caused the boy to stagger and cry out, and then, with a swift movement of a sharp knife he had in his hand, severed the strap that held the bag to the boy, and grabbing hold of it leaped into an express wagon drawn close up to the curb.

Instantly the driver, evidently an accomplice, whipped up his horse and started for the opposite corner of Fulton Street at a red-hot pace.

Broadway was pretty well crowded at that point, and Jones wasn't the only one who saw the daring robbery.

While two pedestrians stopped to assist the messenger, who had been almost blinded by a handful of cinnamon, which the crook had thrown in his face, several other eyewitnesses called out "Police!" and "Stop thief!" at the top of their voices.

Although Jones had half expected that something would happen in connection with the dapper-looking rascal, he was unprepared for such a daring piece of business enacted under the eyes of hundreds.

The nerve required to execute such a robbery in so public a place was something quite out of the ordinary.

The perpetrator probably counted on its brazenness to insure success.

The wagon was half way to Fulton Street by the time that Jones took action.

He sprinted after it at his best speed, but we venture to say that he never would have gotten within hailing distance of it but for the fact that a big American Express Co.'s wagon came rolling around the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, which forms the northern side of Fulton Street for a whole block from Broadway to Church Street.

The big wagon blocked the small one long enough for Jones to get close to it.

The well-dressed crook had seated himself beside the driver, with the stolen bag under his feet, and though he cast furtive looks behind in the direction of the bank, where a crowd had gathered around the stricken messenger, he did not notice the approach of Jones, owing to the number of passing vehicles in the street.

As the express wagon turned the corner into Fulton Street, Jones seized hold of the dashboard, and with the lightness of a gymnast, swung himself into the back of the vehicle.

Then it was that the crook's attention was attracted to him.

"Here, here," he cried, "get off."

Jones got on his feet and jumped for him.

"This is where you go to jail," he said, seizing the dapper young man by the shoulders and pulling him backward.

The driver, whose attention had been concentrated on the effort to get as far away from the scene of the crime as possible in the shortest space of time, turned and looked at the boy.

"Help, Jim!" cried the thief, struggling to release himself from the lad's grasp.

The driver raised the short, heavy whip he held in his right hand and swung it at Jones.

The boy dodged to one side, pulling the dapper young man's head and body with him, causing his legs to fly up into the air.

The driver jumped on his feet and made another swipe at the plucky lad.

Jones avoided the blow by shoving the young crook against him.

"Where in thunder are you going?" roared the voice of a teamster just ahead.

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, one of the forward wheels of the express wagon collided with the hub of one of his forward wheels, and the shock threw Jones and the two men backward, the dapper crook falling on top of the boy, while the driver went sprawling backward on to the seat.

The horse kept on, the hind wheel of the express wagon narrowly missing a smash-up with the teamster's wagon.

While Jones and the thief were rolling about in the bottom of the vehicle, the driver scrambled up and gave his attention to regaining control over the horse.

"Let go, blame you!" cried the crook to his active young assailant.

"Do you give up?" asked Jones.

"Who in thunder are you, and what do you mean by attacking me?" snarled the dapper young man.

"You'll know as soon as I hand you over to a policeman," returned the boy.

"You won't hand me over to any cop, dern you," hissed

"We'll see about that," said Jones, rolling the rascal over and perching himself on his stomach. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Jim, Jim, why don't you slug him with your whip?" cried the thief.

Thus called upon the driver, after guiding his horse across Church street, turned around, reversed his whip and aimed a blow at Jones' head with the butt of it.

The boy threw up his left hand and caught it as it whizzed down at him.

The weight of the blow almost broke his fingers, but he held on to the whip and jerked it out of the man's hand.

Then he sprang off the dapper young man and fetched him a blow across the shoulders with the light end of the whip.

He repeated his attack so rapidly that the crook made a desperate attempt to close with him, whereat Jones gave him a backhand swipe across the face with it that completely demoralized him.

Jones, now thoroughly aroused, rained blow after blow on both of the men.

Unable to defend themselves against his onslaught they tumbled headlong out of the wagon into the street.

All this had attracted a great deal of excited attention from the bystanders on the sidewalk, and from the drivers and occupants of other teams.

Several persons sprang into the street and stopped the horse.

A policeman, who had seen the trouble from a distance, came running up.

The crowd gathered around both the wagon and the two half-stunned rascals.

"Don't let those men get away," shouted Jones. "They are thieves."

"Hey, what's the trouble here?" demanded the officer, apparently intending to arrest the boy as the chief factor in the disturbance.

"I'll tell you as soon as you arrest those two men," replied Jones, pointing at the pair who were making a blind effort to get away from the scene.

"I guess I'll arrest you first," said the cop.

"All right. I'll consider myself under arrest, only see that you don't let those rascals make their escape. The thin chap robbed a bank messenger ten minutes ago on Broadway in front of the Sturtevant National Bank, and the other man is his accomplice. I saw the whole thing and chased them as they tried to get away with their plunder in this wagon. The stolen bag is under the seat. My name is Jones, and I have an office in Wall Street. Here's my card."

"Stay in the wagon till I bring those men forward," said the policeman, starting for the other crowd.

The driver, who was the least hurt of the two, succeeded in forcing his way through the crowd, and making a dive down the street, disappeared around the corner of Greenwich Street.

The officer got the dapper young man, however, before he could follow his associate.

By this time the crowd had grown to such proportions that all traffic in that part of Fulton Street was brought to a standstill.

The cop decided to take the wagon, and the two connected with it, to the Church Street Station, so he told the dapper crook to get up on the seat.

He obeyed very unwillingly, protesting that the boy, whose face seemed familiar to him, was the whole cause of the trouble, and he alone ought to be arrested.

"You can tell your story to the officer at the desk," replied the policeman, getting up after him and taking up the reins.

Driving into Greenwich Street, and thence up the next street, the officer in a short time halted before the Second Precinct Station.

Jones and the crook were told to get down, and they did, the boy taking care to secure the bag belonging to the bank messenger.

a brief explanation of the arrest as far as he understood it.

make things look very good for the dapper-looking young man, whom the officer at the desk regarded with a look of suspicion.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" said the

desk-man, turning to him.

"It's all a lie," he replied. "I didn't steal the messenger's bag."

"What do you call this then?" asked Jones, placing the bag on the desk. "There is where you cut the bag loose from the boy. At any rate I saw you get away with it, after throwing something into the messenger's eyes to blind him. Then you jumped into the wagon, which stood close to the curb with your companion on the seat. He whipped up down Broadway, and if the big express wagon hadn't stopped you long enough for me to catch up with your vehicle, you and your accomplice might have gotten away with the goods."

"I guess you stole that bag yourself, pitched it into our wagon and jumped in after it," answered the crook, unblushingly. "When I told you to get out you sprang on me and tried to throw me out of the wagon. That's the truth of the matter."

"Well, if you haven't a nerve," said Jones. "I can prove my respectability. I doubt if you can do as much. At any rate I know you're a crook, for this is the second time I've caught you stealing."

"The second time!" snarled the dapper young man.

"Yes. Do you remember lifting the bag belonging to a young lady on Broadway near Pine Street, a month ago? I was the party who chased you to the roof and took it away from you. Don't you recognize me?" said Jones, triumphantly.

The dapper young man did at last and his jaw dropped. Jones told the desk-man about the incident, and referred to Lawyer Pratt and the young lady herself, who, he said, would back up a part of his statement.

"At any rate they know who I am, and if necessary I will bring them forward to prove my identity," concluded the boy. "The best thing you can do now is to communicate by 'phone with the Sturtevant National Bank. The cashier ought to know something about the assault on the messenger and the theft of the bag, for the boy came out of that bank before this fellow assaulted him."

The officer ordered Jones and the dapper young man to be taken into one of the adjoining rooms and held there under surveillance until further information was forthcoming concerning the robbery of the bank messenger.

CHAPTER VII.

WALL STREET JONES GETS INTO THE PAPERS.

The man at the desk called up the Sturtevant National Bank, and asked if anything was known there about the holding up and robbery of a messenger in front of the building.

The information he received was in line with the story told by Jones.

"Well, we've got the messenger's bag here, and are hold-The policeman marched them up to the desk and made ing two parties, one of whom is probably the thief. The other claims to have been a witness of the crime, and his Wall Street Jones then had his say, and his story didn't story agrees with yours in the main," said the officer.

"Where is the boy who was robbed? He ought to be able Jones, and satisfied both the policeman and the cashier to identify the man who attacked him."

"The rascal threw cinnamon dust in his eyes and nearly blinded him. He has been taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. He is not in shape to be able to identify his assailant. The thief has been described to me as a young man of about twenty-five years, with a smooth face, well dressed in a business suit and wearing a derby." (The officer noted the fact that this description fitted the chap accused by Jones, and whose face he had doubts about himself.) "He had a stockily-built companion who drove the light wagon in which they made off in. If the two men you have answer to that description, hold them until the boy is able to pass upon the one who attacked him."

The officer replied that one of the persons answered to

the description of the smooth-faced young man.

"The other is a boy of eighteen, who says his name is Jones, and that he is connected with Wall Street," continued the desk-man. "He claims not only to have been an eye-witness of the affair, but says he chased the wagon in which the thief rode away in. If his statement is correct he is instrumental in capturing the robber, and recovering the messenger's bag, for the officer who arrested the two on Fulton Street, reports that he was attracted to the scene by a fight he saw going on in a wagon between the boy in question and two men, one of whom is the man we have in custody. The other got away. The boy handed the stolen bag to me when he was brought into the station. To what bank does the messenger belong?"

"To ours," replied the cashier.

"Then you'd better come over here and make the charge against the smooth-faced man whom I'm going to hold on suspicion, and send up to the Tombs later on. The police judge will pass upon the case to-morrow morning, when the man is brought before him for examination."

The cashier replied that he would be right over. Fifteen minutes later he walked into the station.

Jones was brought out first and repeated his story to the cashier, explaining how he had chased the thief and his accomplice, jumped into the wagon, and had a desperate fight with the two men before he drove them over the end of the vehicle into the street just before the policeman came up.

"What is your name?" asked the bankman.

"Jones. I've got an office in the Eagle Building, Wall Street. Here is my card."

The cashier looked at it.

"Wall Street Jones," he read. "What's your/business? It is not stated on your card."

"It is connected with the market."

"Are you a speculator?"

"I am."

"Who can you refer to?"

"Broker Talcott, of No. - Broad Street for one, and Lawyer Pratt, of the Eagle Building, for another."

"To fully establish your statement I think one of those gentlemen ought to be communicated with," said the cashier.

The officer looked Talcott's 'phone number up in the book and got in connection with him.

His reply to the questions asked him fully sustained concerning its contents.

that the boy was all he claimed to be.

He was therefore released from custody, and accepted as a valuable witness against the dapper-looking young man, who was then brought up to the desk again, his pedigree taken down, after which formality he was sent to a cell.

Jones was permitted to go after promising to appear in the Tombs Police Court on the following morning to testify

against the accused thief.

He walked up to Broadway with the cashier, who thanked him for his services in capturing one of the rascals, and saving the bank's bag, which contained a considerable amount of money.

"I have no doubt but the bank will officially recognize the obligation it is under to you in this matter," concluded the cashier.

Jones walked as far as the bank with the cashier, and then took a car uptown.

The later afternoon editions of the dailies had the story of the attack on the messenger of the Sturtevant National Bank, the robbery of the bag and its recovery by a boy known as Wall Street Jones, who had an office in the Eagle Building on Wall Street.

Reporters had tried to find Jones at his office, but failed. They made inquiries concerning him, as none of the people knew anything whatever about Wall Street Jones, or the business he was engaged in.

The fact that there was such a person as Wall Street Jones in the financial district was a revelation to those brokers who read about the robbery of the bank messenger that afternoon and the next morning.

He was not considered of sufficient importance, however, to give rise to any great curiosity as to his identity.

Miss Sprague read the newspaper account of his capture of the crook, and was much interested in it.

She showed it to Lawyer Pratt next morning.

"He ought to be a detective, for he seems to be quite a thief catcher," laughed the lawyer, after he had read

The girl clipped the article out of the paper and put it in her pocketbook intending to keep it.

"He is a fine boy and a very smart one," she said to herself, looking across the court.

Although it was after ten o'clock, Jones was not at his desk by the window, and she felt rather disappointed, for the bow and smile he favored her with every day had come to mean a lot to Miss Sprague.

She continued to watch his window at intervals, but as Jones did not appear at his office that day she had not the pleasure of exchanging salutes with him.

At ten o'clock Jones was at the Tombs Police Court, and so was the cashier of the Sturtevant National Bank.

The dapper-looking crook, who had given his name as William Brady, was brought before the bar about eleven o'clock.

He pleaded not guilty to the charge of highway robbery, and then Jones was called to the witness chair.

He told his story in a straightforward way, and positively identified the prisoner as the thief who had assaulted the messenger and secured the bag.

The cashier was called to identify the bag and to testify

The crook had no statement to make other than a general denial.

The magistrate considered the testimony against him sufficiently strong to cause him to hold the prisoner for the Grand Jury.

When Brady was led back to the prison Jones left the court and went uptown.

Next morning he appeared at his office at the usual hour and received his customary smile and bow from Miss Sprague.

He was locking up, preparatory to going to lunch, when

Broker Frazer came along.

Frazer had read the story in the papers about Wall Street Jones' connection with the capture of the crook who robbed the bank messenger, and took note of the fact that Jones was described as a boy of about eighteen years

This description seemed to fit the boy he had met in Jones' office when he paid that person a visit and found him out, as he supposed.

He began to have a strong suspicion that the boy in question was Jones.

"Young man, may I ask if you are Wall Street Jones?"

"I am," replied the lad.

"Why didn't you acknowledge your identity, then, the day I called on you?"

"I didn't see any necessity of doing it, as you said you had no business with me, which indicated that your visit was one of curiosity," replied Jones.

"So you are Wall Street Jones, and this is your office?" "Yes."

"Will you tell me why you call yourself by that appellation?"

"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Frazer. All I can say is that I have business reasons for it."

"It is a singular sign to put on the door of one's office."

"I hope it doesn't worry you or any of the other tenants on this floor?"

"It doesn't worry me at all. I merely remarked that it

"Odd things happen occasionally, even in Wall Street," smiled Jones.

"You said, I think, that you sometimes have need of the services of a broker?"

"I did say so."

"If I can do anything for you I should be glad to have you call at my office."

"All right, Mr. Frazer. I know where your office is." They went down the elevator together and parted at the street door, the broker wondering more than ever what business Wall Street Jones was engaged in; and also, how it was possible for a boy of his years to do enough to warrant the hiring of an office in a building where the rents were so high.

CHAPTER VIII.

JONES GOES INTO THE MARKET AGAIN

One morning Wall Street Jones came down to the office feeling quite gay.

chance to make a haul out of the market on the same lines as his previous one.

The Thomas Q. Brown secret syndicate, with headquarters at No. — Fifth Avenue, was preparing to startle Wall Street with another boom, this time in G. & D. stock, which had been in the dumps so long that nobody in the Street expected anything from it.

A new set of brokers hired by a representative of the syndicate had already started in to buy G. & D. shares on the quiet, and they found no trouble in getting all they wanted at the low price of 65.

Jones, after exchanging his usual good-morning smile and bow with Miss Sprague, read the latest financial intelligence in the Morning Argus, studied the preceding day's market report, and then putting on his hat went to his safe and took therefrom the greater part of his little capital, and went down on Broad Street to call on his friend Broker Talcott.

Talcott was not very busy, as he was only a struggling trader, with few customers as yet, and he gladly welcomed Jones, even without knowing that the boy came to give him a commission.

Although he and Jones were very friendly, he did not know what business the boy transacted at his office.

He reasoned that Jones couldn't be simply an occasional speculator since he would not require an office for that purpose.

As the boy volunteered no information about his affairs, Talcott did not think he had any right to try and probe into his business.

"Well, Mr. Talcott," said Jones, after they had exchanged greetings, "how are things coming?"

"Slow. I'm hardly paying expenses just now," replied the young trader.

"How would you like to take a small order from me?"

"First rate. Small favors are just as thankfully received as large ones."

"I want you to buy for my account 350 shares of G. & D. on margin. Here is my deposit of \$3,500."

"I'll do it."

"If you have any coin lying around unemployed that you can spare, I advise you to get in on the same stock. It's another winner," said Jones.

"How do you know it is? Seems to me G. & D. is about the last thing I'd think of putting my money into with any expectation of a rise."

"You see I'm putting my coin into it, don't you?"

"I do; and it is a surprise to me to find that you have picked out such a dopy proposition."

"You'll find it will be anything but dopy inside of two weeks from now," said Jones, confidently.

"Have you got hold of some inside information?" asked Talcott, with an air of interest.

"I'm not saying whether I have or have not; but I think well enough of the prospects of G. & D. to bank on it for a considerable advance."

"It's a surprise to me to think it has any prospects."

"The same idea was in your head about A. & B. before it got a move on, and yet think where it went to during the boom—a whole point above par."

"That's so. The Street didn't know what to think about The reason thereof was that he had discovered another it. Hundreds of brokers might have made big money on it if they hadn't been afraid to touch it, expecting it would drop at any moment."

"You did pretty well by taking chances on it."

"Yes. The money I made gave me a big boost. Still I could have made \$5,000 more had I held on as long as you did. It went up eleven points after I sold."

"G. & D. is liable to do pretty near as well."

"I'm afraid not. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place."

"Oh, I don't know. There are exceptions to every rule."

"The exceptions are mighty scarce in Wall Street."

"You ought to know from your experience that it is the unexpected which most often happens in Wall Street as elsewhere."

"A rise in G. & D. would certainly be unexpected."

"You can gamble on it that it will happen."

"You speak with great confidence, Jones."

"I always do when I'm sure of what I'm talking about."

"You wouldn't talk that way unless somebody had given you a good tip."

"Nobody has given me a tip. What I know I've picked up myself by keeping my eyes and ears open."

"Well, I'll get you the shares you want. I hope you'll be

as lucky as you were before," said Talcott.
"Don't worry about me. I'll come out all right," replied Jones, putting his memorandum of the deal in his pocket and rising to go.

Talcott went out soon afterward and got the stock.

He had to advance about \$19,000 of his own money to carry the deal for the boy, but as soon as he received the certificates he hypothecated them for about sixty per cent. of their market value, thereby getting a matter of \$11,000 to use in his business.

This was the way that brokers with limited capital had to do in order to conduct their business.

Jones would have to pay the interest on the \$19,000 at the market rate, and Talcott himself would have to pay the interest on \$11,000.

The difference he pocketed with his commission of a quarter of one per cent. for buying and selling the shares when the deal was closed.

Jones didn't return to his office that day.

He walked around to the Curb Exchange and watched the traders there for a time and then he went over to the gallery of the Stock Exchange, where he remained until lunch hour, when he went uptown.

That evening he had an errand to transact which took him to 125th Street near Madison Avenue.

As he was coming out of the store he met Miss Sprague face to face.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Sprague," he said, lifting his hat.

"It is indeed," she replied, with a smile.

"Do you live up this way?" he asked.

"Yes. On East 128th Street."

"Are you going home now?"

"Yes. I came down here to do a little shopping."

"May I walk with you a little way?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

They turned up Madison Avenue and Jones made himself as agreeable as possible to the fair girl.

Finally she came to a stop before a modest-looking flat-

"Is this where you live?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I live on Seventh Avenue near 125th Street," he said. They talked together for perhaps a quarter of an hour more, when Jones bade her good night and started homeward.

"She's a corking fine girl," he said to himself. "I must cultivate her acquaintance more."

He had learned that she had a brother, who worked for the Edison Illuminating Co. at their main office downtown, and that her mother was a widow.

What he feared was that so attractive a girl had a best fellow already picked out, in which event he could only hope to play second fiddle in her thoughts.

Several days passed away and there was no movement in

G. & D.

Jones was not worried, however, for he knew what was going on under the surface.

Meeting Broker Talcott in front of the Exchange that young gentleman said:

"How about the movement you expected in G: & D.?"

"It's coming," replied Jones.

"So is summer," laughed the young trader.

"Bought any of the stock?"

"I've got 100 shares, but it doesn't look like a good investment just now."

"Well, go around and see how much you can find."

"Oh, I could find plenty of it."

"Try and see if you can buy any for immediate delivery."

"Your words would infer that it's being cornered. I never knew when one couldn't get all the G. & D. he wanted. The trouble was to sell it at a profit."

"You bought 350 for me at 65. Well, it's quoted now at 65\{\frac{1}{2}}; but I wouldn't take 70 for it if somebody offered

me spot cash," said Jones.

"That boy must have got hold of a tip on that stock," thought Talcott, as he walked off. "I never saw any one so confident about anything as he is that G. & D. is slated for a rise. He spoke as if the shares had suddenly become scarce. That can't be possible, for it is only ten days ago that I know it was going a-begging. I think I'll just test the matter. That is Davis yonder. The last time I met him he had 1,000 shares he wanted to get rid of the worst way."

Talcott walked up to Davis.

"What will you sell those 1,000 shares of G. & D. for to-day?"

"Sold them three days ago."

"Who to?"

"A broker named Newberry."

"You ought to have held on to it for I heard it's going

"Going up where-Salt Creek?" grinned Davis.

"No, in value."

"Go on, you're dreaming. There's nothing in G. & D."

"Well, I've got some that I'm holding for a rise."

"You're foolish."

"All right. Maybe I am, but I'm going to run the risk.

It won't go down any lower at any rate. It's five-eighths now above what I gave for it."

Davis laughed and walked off.

Talcott went around inquiring for G. & D. of every broker he knew, but none of them had any.

He then tackled a score of traders in the Exchange, but discovered that those who had had the stock had sold to one broker or another.

Newberry appeared to have bought a good deal of it, so Talcott went to him.

"Nothing doing," replied Newberry.

The long and short of it was that Talcott discovered that Jones was right—the stock was scarcer than hen's teeth.

That meant that some capitalist, or perhaps clique of capitalists, had bought it up, and it was certainly bought for some purpose.

Talcott began to entertain a whole lot of respect for

Jones' statements.

"I'll bet there's something doing in G. & D., and that boy has been tipped off to what's in the wind," he said to himself as he returned to his office.

CHAPTER IX.

DICEY MORRIS CALLS ON WALL STREET JONES.

Two days later G. & D., which had gone to 66¹/₈, suddenly jumped to 68.

On the following day it went to 70, and traders began to take notice.

Jones dropped in to see Talcott.

"What do you think of G. & D. now?" he asked, cheer-fully.

"It looks good."

"Did you buy any more since I saw you?"

"I got another 100 at 68."

"You're \$300 out by not buying when I suggested it to you first."

"I know it."

"It would pay you to buy 1,000 at 70 if you could get it."

"Say, where do you get your information from? The tap you imbibe from appears to be the real goods."

"I couldn't think of giving my golden goose away," replied Jones.

"How high do you think G. & D. will go?"

"Couldn't tell you. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to hold on as long as I do. But that's up to you."

After some further conversation on the subject, as well as on other matters connected with the market, Wall Street Jones left.

On the following day G. & D. advanced five points more, and occasioned a lot of excitement in the Exchange.

Brokers began falling over themselves in their efforts to buy it.

A lot of it came out in the afternoon and the price

dropped back to 69.

The clique up Fifth Avenue had fed it to the traders until they grew shy and the price dropped, and next morning the combine's brokers began buying it back at the reduced price.

The buying sent the price to 73.

Talcott might have acquired some more, but the drop frightened him off.

Later on he was sorry that his nerve had deserted him. After a lapse of three days the stock went to 80, and again the traders went crazy over it.

Once more the combine fed it to them, and after an exciting afternoon the price fell off to 74, at which figure

the Brown syndicate got most of it back again.

Finally the stock went to 90, and the public was into the boom as well as the brokers.

Next morning Jones called on Talcott.

"Sell me out right away," he said.

"All right," replied the young broker.

"Are you still on, Mr. Talcott?"

"Yes. I concluded not to sell till you did."

"Aren't you glad you've followed my lead?"

"I have reason to be."

"Well, get busy. Send me word to my office. I'll be there till half-past twelve."

A messenger brought Wall Street Jones word at eleven

o'clock that his stock had been sold at 913.
"I've made \$8,000 this time," he said, in a

"I've made \$8,000 this time," he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "That makes me worth \$12,000. I can buy 1,200 shares of any stock in the market," he added. "I am getting on. I wonder what my folks would say if they knew to what profitable use I have put my aunt's legacy? They'd hardly believe the truth without better evidence than my word. Well, they won't learn from me as long as my cinch holds out. Then I'll surprise them with the sight of a wad as big as a house."

Jones had no intention of touching the market again for another spell, but that afternoon he learned through a member of the Brown combine that Consolidated Opher, a copper stock, was on the eve of a boom.

It was then selling at \$5 a share.

Next morning he called on Talcott and gave him an order for 2,000 shares of the stock, telling the broker to pay for the shares out of what was coming to him, and then to send him the balance.

Talcott did so, and later on sent Jones his check for

\$1,800

He sent it at two o'clock by a messenger, but the boy brought it back, saying that Wall Street Jones' office was looked and that he couldn't get in

locked and that he couldn't get in.

"It's funny that Jones is never in his office after half-

past twelve," thought Talcott. "At least I've never been able to find him there of an afternoon at any hour. He must have business to attend to elsewhere. He's a nice young fellow, but still he's something of a mystery to me. However, that's none of my business. He's a customer of mine, and has tipped me off to one or two good things, so I'm not going to try to butt into his private affairs."

Before the Curb Exchange closed that day Consolidated Opher went up to \$6.

"That looks as if Jones has got in on another good thing," said Talcott to himself. "He didn't tip me off to it. I guess I'd better buy 1,000 shares myself on a chance."

He thought the matter over and in the end bought the stock.

It was about this time that the Grand Jury handed

down an indictment against William Brady, the dapper-looking crook.

That meant he was likely to be put on trial soon.

Jones was sitting in his office one morning feeling great over the advance of Consolidated Opher to \$8, when his door opened and a sharp-looking man, with a black moustache and black eyes, entered.

"Are you Wall Street Jones?" he asked.

"That's my name. Take a seat and let me know what I can do for you," said the boy speculator.

"I have called in the interest of William Brady," said the visitor.

"Oh! The man who robbed the bank messenger, eh?"

"He is only accused of it."

"As I saw him do the deed, I am pretty well satisfied of his guilt," replied Jones, coolly.

"You didn't see Brady steal that bag. It was another man. You chased the wrong person."

"Well, you've got a nerve to tell me that. I know what

I saw, and I swore to the fact before the city magistrate."

"People are often mistaken. The street was full of

vehicles at the time, and you lost sight of the wagon you started to run down and jumped into the wrong one by mistake."

"Oh, I did?"

"Yes."

"How is it that I found the stolen bag in it then?"

"The real thief tossed it in fearing capture."

"And your friend Brady was unaware of the fact, eh?" "Exactly."

"Yet it was under him and he had his feet on it."

"I know things look bad for Brady, and consequently his friends are trying to help him out."

"I suppose you were appointed a committee of one to call on me to see if I could be induced to let up on him?"

"That's about the size of it. We have chipped in \$500 which-"

"You want to offer me as a bribe, eh?"

"No. It is against the law to attempt to bribe a witness. The \$500 was to be presented to you to pay you for the trouble you've been put to in this matter."

"Very kind indeed of Brady's friends," replied Jones, sarcastically. "But I was expected to do something in

return, of course. Give it a name."

"Well, we thought if you could be convinced that you were in error you would be willing to testify at his trial, which will come off soon, that you could not swear now that Brady was the man you saw steal the bag. The boy messenger cannot identify Brady as the man who attacked him, so his fate rests with you. I think," added the visitor in a pointed way, "that it will be to your interest to reconsider your testimony in the case. Brady has lots of friends, and they would be much put out if you should fail to see things in the right light."

"I suppose that is intended as a threat?" said Jones,

squaring his jaw.

"No. I am making no threats. You mistake my meaning."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Dicey Morris."

"Do you belong to the sporting fraternity?"

"Why?"

"I merely asked, as you look as if you did."

"I am something of a sport."

"Well, Mr. Morris, I am sorry, but I don't think I can agree to reconsider my testimony as given in the Tombs Police Court against your friend Brady. I had a previous experience with Brady, and I know him to be a crook. On that occasion he drew his gun on me, and I haven't forgotten the incident. I have the weapon in my possession, and he can consider himself fortunate that I do not produce it against him. If I chose to bring that little matter against him I could bring forward as a witness the girl he robbed on Broadway, under my eyes. I am willing to let that go if he gets what's coming to him in the present instance. That's all I've got to say on the subject, so there is no use of you saying anything further."

"That's your answer, then?" said the visitor, with a

frown.

"That's my answer," returned Jones in a tone that showed he meant it.

"Then I will say good-morning," said the sport, rising.

"Good-morning, sir."

Dicey Morris took his departure not at all pleased with the result of his mission, while Jones turned to his Wall Street paper and was soon deeply interested in the financial news of the day.

CHAPTER X.

TRAPPED.

There were great times on the Curb during the next few days.

Consolidated Opher occupied the attention of the brokers almost to the exclusion of other stocks.

It kept on going up in jumps until it reached 20.

Everybody seemed to understand that the syndicate that owned the mine was pushing it up on the strength of certain fresh discoveries of rich ore that had recently been made and only just disclosed to the public.

Then the big demand for copper, which exceeded the supply, was sending the price of the metal skyward, and that helped the boom in progress, and boosted other copper stocks as well.

When Consolidated Opher reached 20 Jones ordered his

Talcott easily got rid of the stock, and his own as well, at a fraction above that figure, so that Jones made a clear profit of \$30,000 on the deal.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, when he had figured the matter up. "Who'd have thought I would make so much money out of the Curb, which I never expected to have any dealings with? This puts my two other deals away in the shade; but that's because I had more capital to operate with. And now I'm worth \$40,000. Why, it's a fortune. I'll be able to spread myself the next tip I get. I wouldn't be surprised if I made \$100,000 before summer arrived. Talk about finding money! I must have been born lucky."

Jones was afraid to have so much money in his office safe, so he rented a box in a nearby safe deposit vault, and placed it there for security.

That afternoon two bearded men visited his office, but failing to find him in, went away.

They called again next morning, but as he didn't come down at all that day, they were once more disappointed.

They hung around the building for an hour, but as he

didn't show up they went away.

On the following morning Jones found a letter addressed to him, that had been left by the postman on his first trip.

The envelope bore the imprint of a Grand Street lawyer, and the note requested him to call at the lawyer's of-

fice on business of great importance.

While he was reading it a man came in and handed him a subpoena from the District Attorney's office directing him to appear at Part X, General Sessions Court, as a witness in the case of the People v. William Brady, charged with highway robbery.

"I'll bet that is Brady's lawyer who wants to see me in relation to the case against his client. Let him go bag his head. I'd like to see myself wasting time with him. I've got no use for any one connected with that crook."

Thus thought Jones, and he ignored the request sent in the letter.

Next morning a messenger brought him a second note from the same lawyer, containing another request that he would call at his office.

Jones threw it into his waste-basket, but he took it out again later on when he was about to leave his office for the day.

"I'll call and see what the chap wants, but I can't go at the hour he has set because I shall be otherwise engaged."

On the following morning on his way downtown, he got off the Sixth Avenue L car at the Grand Street station and walked across to the address given, which was a couple of blocks east of the Bowery.

He found the office was a sky parlor on the top floor of

the building.

The lawyer's name was attached to the door.

It was a cheap-looking sign, and Jones judged that the legal individual was a cheap skate.

On trying the door he found it locked, and no one answered his knock.

Jones scribbled a note saying he had called and was shoving it under the door, when two tough-looking men appeared in the corridor.

"Who are you?" asked one of them, eyeing the boy

closely.

"My name is Jones, and I called to see Lawyer Marks, but he isn't here I see."

"I just left him a few minutes ago," said the man, looking significantly at his companion, "and he'll be here in five minutes. He gave me his key to get in as we have business with him. We'll let you in and you can wait for him."

Thus speaking, the man opened the door and stood aside for Jones to enter.

The boy walked in and found himself in a room that looked nothing like a lawyer's office.

Still, as there was a door beyond, Jones guessed it might be a kind of reception-room, for it was furnished with several common wooden chairs and a table, on which stood a can, that looked as if it had been last used to carry beer in, and four glasses.

There was also a greasy pack of cards beside the can, and a cigar-box partly full of loose tobacco.

The floor was covered with dirt and beer stains, and littered with matches and paper.

Jones didn't like the appearance of the place and concluded that he wouldn't wait for the lawyer.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the men, who had remained standing near the door, while his companion had vanished.

"I guess I won't wait. I'll call again."

"Lawyer Marks will be here in a few minutes, and I heard him say that he wanted to see you bad."

Jones hesitated, and finally decided to see the thing out, so he sat down.

The man removed the various articles from the table and put them on the floor in the corner, then he walked outside and shut the door.

Ten minutes passed away and Jones grew impatient at the delay of the lawyer putting in an appearance.

He walked to the window and looked out.

A vista of roofs met his eye, while below was a small forest of clothes-lines extending out from the fire-escapes of a dozen cheap tenements that fronted upon the next street.

While he was taking in the view the door opened and three men entered—two of them being the men who had first appeared.

"My name is Marks," said the other, a shabby-looking individual, looking at the boy. "You are Wall Street Jones, I guess."

"You guess well," replied Jones.

"Come into my office and I'll talk with you," said Marks, starting for the other door.

The boy followed and was ushered into a bare-looking room furnished with a cheap desk and two chairs.

Three decidedly second-hand law books lay on top of the desk.

There were a number of folded papers in the pigeonholes, a pen and a bottle of ink on the inside of the desk, and a calendar on the wall.

It was the scaliest-looking law office that one could imagine.

"Take a seat," said Marks, throwing his hat on top of the desk and seated himself before it. "I asked you to come here to sign an affidavit stating that my client, William Brady, who will be tried to-morrow in the Court of General Sessions, is not the man who attacked the bank messenger and stole his bag."

"Do you imagine that I will sign such a document as that?" cried Jones, astonished at the cheeky proposition.

"I think you will," replied Marks.

"Well, you've got another think coming then. If that's all you wanted to see me about, this interview might as well stop right here."

Jones got up and was about to start for the door when the lawyer said:

"Sit down, young man. You can't get out of this place until you sign the paper."

"Who is to prevent me?"

"The only exit is through that room. There are two men there whom you have seen who won't let you pass unless I say you can." "So that's your game, is it? Well, I'm not going to sign the affidavit, so what are you going to do about it?" asked Jones, resolutely.

"You'll stay here till you do sign it," replied the law-

yer.

"I won't stay here if I can help myself."

"You can't help yourself."

"I'll find out whether I can or not," said the boy, walking to the door and opening it.

The two men were seated at the table outside playing cards.

They stopped when the door opened and looked at Jones.

He walked straight for the corridor door, prepared for a scrap with the men, but they didn't move.

Laying his hand on the knob he found that the door was locked and the key gone.

"Which of you has the key of this door?" he asked the two men.

Neither made any reply to his question.

Lawyer Marks stood at the inner door, grinning.

"You see," he said, "that you can't get out till you've

signed the paper."

Jones turned around, raised his foot and planted it against one of the panels of the door with force enough to make it shiver on its hinges.

"Stop him," cried the lawyer.

The men sprang up and darted for the boy.

He dodged them and placed the table between himself and them.

The drawer of the table was open a few inches and Jones saw a revolver lying inside.

He quickly pulled the drawer open and seized the weapon.

He saw that it was cocked.

"Now open that door, one of you, or there will be something doing."

As he spoke he raised the revolver and covered the two men.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE TRAIN.

Jones' attitude showed that he meant business and the three men were quite taken aback.

The two tough chaps under the muzzle of the weapon looked at the lawyer for instructions.

"Go for him," ordered Marks.

"Go for him yourself," growled one of the toughs, both of whom showed a wholesome respect for the revolver.

Jones suddenly swung the weapon around at the lawyer. Marks uttered a gasp and beat a precipitant retreat into

his sanctum, slamming the door after him.

"Now, then," said the boy, "open that door or I'll wing you both and take the chances. You are both acting against the law, and when I report the matter to the District Attorney you'll find yourselves in a bad hole."

"If you promise not to say anythin' about this we'll let

you out," said one of the men after a pause.

"The only thing I'll agree to do is not to make any charge against you chaps if you open the door; but the man you call Marks I shall hold responsible for this outrage," replied Jones.

"Let him go," said one of the men to his companion. "He don't know us, and can't make no charge against us."

"I know your faces, and I'll bet I could steer the police on to you if I wanted to," replied Jones; "but my word is good if you open the door. In that case I wouldn't identify you if you were brought before me."

The man who had the key unlocked the door, but did

not open it.

"You kin go," he said, sulkily.

Marks, who had evidently been listening, suddenly stuck his head out at his door and said:

"If you let him go I'll-"

Jones brought the revolver to bear on him and he disappeared in such a hurry that he lost his balance and fell all over himself on the floor of his room.

"Stand away from that door," said the boy to the men.

They fell back from it.

"Get into that corner," said Jones, motioning to the spot.

They obeyed.

Then he walked to the door and threw it open.

"Hold on; don't take that gun away with you," cried one of the toughs.

"I shall take it down to the front door. One of you can follow at a distance and get it." replied the boy, walk-

can follow at a distance and get it," replied the boy, walking out of the room.

He ran down the stairs quickly till he reached the head of the first flight.

He heard one of the toughs following.

Looking up Jones shouted:

"I'll leave your gun here."

He placed it on the floor and then made quick time to the street.

"I guess those chaps are satisfied that they caught a tartar in me," he chuckled as he started for the Bowery where there was an elevated station.

It was eleven o'clock when he reached his office.

Calling up the District Attorney's office on the 'phone, he told about the trap he had walked into that morning on Grand Street, and gave the name of Lawyer Marks, who claimed to be the legal adviser of William Brady, as the man responsible for the crooked piece of business.

It developed next morning when Jones appeared at the Court of General Sessions, that the alleged Lawyer Marks was not the crook's attorney.

Nobody knew anything about him, but there was no doubt that he had been employed by Brady's friends to put

a stopper on Jones as a witness.

The affidavit, extorted by force from the boy, would of itself have been of no value in court, but the District Attorney's assistant, who talked to Jones about the affair, was of the opinion that had the Wall Street lad been bull-dozed into signing it, he would have been drugged and carried off somewhere and held for a certain time in hiding until the Brady case had been disposed of.

Brady's trial was short and he was found guilty of the

crime he was charged with.

On the following morning Wall Street Jones received a check for \$1,000 from the Sturtevant National Bank as an evidence of the bank's appreciation of his services.

Three days later Brady was sentenced to ten years at

Sing Sing.

Jones, having met Miss Sprague several times since their encounter on 125th Street, ventured to ask permission to call on her at her home.

His request was readily granted, and the boy soon became a regular weekly visitor at the flat on East 128th Street.

At length he thought he was on sufficiently friendly terms to warrant his inviting her to go to the theater.

She accepted the invitation, and he took her to one of the downtown playhouses to see a popular comedian in a successful musical comedy.

After that their relations were more confidential than ever.

In the meantime Eddie Eastman was having a greater snap than ever.

After the successful coup in G. & D. pulled off by the Thomas Q. Brown syndicate, there was little doing at the Fifth Avenue office.

Brown and Gay alone called there, and only stayed a short time and when they went away Eddie was free to go home.

Summer came on and one day Brown told the boy that the office was going to be closed for ten weeks, and that he could have a vacation for that time.

He was handed ten weeks' wages, and told to report for duty again on the first of September.

That meant that the combine had decided to do no more business until after the warm season.

Coincident with this cheerful condition of affairs for Eddie, Wall Street Jones, for the first time since he took his office, began reappearing there after lunch, though he did not seem to have anything particular to engage his attention.

The only visitor he had was Broker Talcott, who dropped in occasionally for a chat, and these visits Jones always returned.

After the first of July business became dull in the market, and the traders began leaving the city for their annual vacations.

Jones contented himself with sundry outings to nearby resorts and on these occasions invited Jessie Sprague to go with him.

Miss Sprague got a two weeks' vacation early in August, and she told Jones that she intended going to a certain resort with her mother, which they had visited the year previous.

Then it was that Wall Street Jones concluded to indulge in a two weeks' vacation himself, and he told the girl that he guessed he'd go to the same place she was bound for.

Miss Sprague seemed to be delighted at that, and both counted on having a good time in each other's company.

The girl started on Saturday afternoon, but Jones delayed going until the following Monday.

The newspapers that morning interested all of Wall Street, as they contained the story of the flight of a trusted bank employee with nearly \$100,000 of the bank's funds.

"That's making easy money with a vengeance," thought Jones, as he read the account on his way downtown with his grip all ready to take an early afternoon train. "The old money trouble is that such a method is attended with unpleasant results if a chap gets caught, as he is almost certain to be, sooner or later. It seems to me that when a has shot me,"

man has a good, responsible position, in a solid institution, he ought to know enough not to queer all his chances in life by turning traitor to his own interests as well as his employer's."

When Jones boarded the drawing-room car of the Chicago Express on the West Shore road, that was to take him as far as Kingston, he found that only one of the plush chairs was vacant and he took possession of it.

The chair nearest the window was occupied by an old man with white hair and beard, dressed in very plain but neat apparel.

Beside him stood a big grip on which one of his feet rested.

When the conductor punched the ticket, Jones noticed that the old man's was a through one to Chicago.

He also noticed that he had very bright, clear eyes for one apparently so aged, that his skin, what little of it showed above his beard, was soft and healthy, and that he had very few crow's feet about his eyes.

"He must be a healthy old chap," thought the boy. "Few men look as fresh as he does when they get to be his age."

The old man gave all his attention to one of the current magazines which he had brought into the car with him, and paid no attention to the scenery or to his fellow passengers.

The train made only one stop before it began to slow up preparatory to coming to a rest at Kingston, and Jones got ready to alight.

At that moment a sharp-eyed man, dressed in a business suit, who had passed through the train, looking narrowly at all the men in each car, re-entered the coach in which Jones and the white-haired man were sitting and approached their seats.

Just then the brakeman opened the door and shouted, "Kingston" twice.

Jones grabbed his grip, lifted it on his knee and waited for the train to run into the station.

The man with the sharp eyes passed around behind his chair, tapped the old man on the shoulder and said something to him in a low tone.

Like a flash the white-haired man was on his feet.

The other man seized him by the shoulder and halfforced him back in his seat, while Jones, astounded at what was going on, saw the flash of a pair of steel handcuffs as they were drawn from the newcomer's pocket.

The incident was beginning to attract general attention, and Jones rose from his seat, hardly knowing whether he ought to interfere in the old man's behalf or not.

The struggle between the white-haired man and his aggressor was suddenly brought to an end by the half-muffled crack of a revolver, and a puff of smoke curled up from the clothes of the newcomer.

With a cry he released his hold on the old fellow, staggered back and fell between the seats.

That end of the car was thrown into the greatest excitement and confusion.

The old man grabbed his grip and flourishing his revolver, pushed the amazed Jones aside and rushed for the door with an agility that belied his advanced years.

"Don't let him escape. He's a fugitive from justice," cried the wounded man faintly. "I am a detective and he has shot me,"

Jones woke up to the situation at once, and darted after the old fellow.

He caught him just as he was stepping on to the plat-

The man turned and shoved the weapon into the boy's face.

"Let go," he hissed, "or I'll blow your brains out."

What could Jones do under the circumstances but release his hold?

The apparently old man then sprang off the slowlymoving train and vanished in the gathering darkness, close to the station.

CHAPTER XII.

PURSUIT OF THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN.

Jones returned to the car for his grip and to see how the wounded detective was getting on.

The car was in quite an uproar over the shooting.

One lady was on the verge of hysterics, while others were frightened and unnerved.

A bunch of men were gathered about the officer, who had been raised and placed upon one of the seats.

He had been shot in the side, but how bad his wound was no one could tell.

He lay back white and helpless, and all he said after his first words addressed in a general way to Jones was the request that he be taken off the train as soon as it came to a stop and carried to a doctor.

The brakeman, after learning how things were, ran forward to notify the conductor about the trouble.

As the train came to a stop the conductor appeared.

The detective was in no shape to make an explanation, seeing which Jones told what he knew about the affair, then fearing he would be marooned in Kingston all that night, if he missed the mountain railway train that carried passengers up into the Catskills, he hurried over to where the cars stood and got on board.

The mountain train pulled out before the Chicago Ex-

press continued on its way again.

Owing to the darkness Jones saw nothing of the scenery along the line, but he passed the time in pleasant social converse with a fellow passenger, to whom he related the exciting train episode.

Wall Street Jones left the train at Jarvisville, a village well up in the mountains, and a 'bus took him to the inn where Jessie Sprague and her mother had secured rooms for the period of their stay.

As Jones had spoken for a room, too, at the same time, he found it waiting for him to take possession of.

The guests had had supper some time since, but a meal was prepared for the night arrivals, and the boy went into the dining-room to partake of it before he announced his appearance to Miss Sprague.

He found Jessie and her mother on the piazza in company with other guests.

They gave him a warm welcome, and introduced him

Soon afterward he invited the girl for a short walk, and they went off together.

He told her about the thrilling incident on the train.

"My gracious! It must have created great excitement in the car," she said.

"It did."

"And you sat near the man who did the shooting?"

"Yes. I rode from Weehawken to Kingston within a couple of feet of him."

"You say he was an old man?"

"I thought he was an old man until the trouble began, then he acted as lively as a young one. I am satisfied that he was not old at all, but disguised to make himself appear so. The detective said he was fleeing from justice, so, of course, he must be some criminal that's wanted by the New York authorities."

"Was the detective badly hurt?"

"I couldn't say, but he looked as if he was."

"What was done with him?"

"They were about to take him from the car when I hurried away to catch the mountain train."

"I think you had a narrow escape yourself. It's a wonder he didn't shoot you when you tried to stop him from leav-

ing the car."

"He would have done it, I guess, if I hadn't let go of him. I don't mind taking some chances, but when a chap shoves a cocked gun in your face, and talks as if he meant business, it's no reflection on a person's courage to give in."

"I should think not," replied the girl. "It wasn't your

business to stop him, anyway."

"I think it was my duty to have caught him if I could, in the interests of justice; but he got the drop on me, and as self-preservation is the first law of nature, I let him go."

"Nobody can blame you."

"I'm not worrying about it," laughed Jones. "Now let's talk about something else. You've been here since Saturday night, how do you like it?"

"It's just splendid. We enjoyed the place so much last year that we wouldn't consider any other locality. It is so wild and romantic all around the outskirts of the village, that one is never tired of tramping about."

"I thought you came here to rest and recuperate?"

smiled Jones.

"We came here for change of scene and rest, too; but that doesn't mean sitting all day in a chair on the piazza. That would be dreadfully tiring to me. I like plenty of fresh air and exercise. You can get both here to your heart's content."

"I'll help you enjoy those two blessings, if my company doesn't prove a bore before the two weeks are up."

"I'm sure I'm delighted to have the pleasure of your society."

"Thank you, Miss Sprague. I appreciate the compliment you pay me, and shall endeavor to deserve it."

"I think we've gone as far as we ought to this evening." "Very well, then we'll turn back."

When they reached the inn they found the piazza deserted, all the ladies having retired to their apartments.

Bidding the girl good-night Jones joined the gentleman he had conversed with on the mountain train, who was smoking on the piazza, and they spent an hour together.

Next morning the boy was given a seat in the diningroom at the same table with Jessie and her mother.

He spent most of the morning in the girl's company, lounging about the house.

After dinner they started out for a long walk, and were soon out of sight of the inn and the village below it.

A mile from the inn they sat down to rest close to a miniature falls in a wild and rocky glen.

"It was somewhere up in these mountains that Rip Van Winkle put in his nap of twenty years," remarked Jones.

"Yes, according to the legend. And here comes somebody who might almost be taken for the spirit of Rip Van Winkle, wandering around the scenes of the story," laughed Jessie, nodding toward an old white-haired man who had suddenly come into view along the road.

He was dressed in a very respectable suit of clothes, and

carried a good-sized dress-suit case.

The moment Jones' gaze lighted on him he gave a gasp, for he recognized him as the man who had done the shooting on the train.

The seeming old man glanced carelessly at them and passed on.

"Who do you suppose that is?" asked Jones, as soon as he recovered from his surprise.

"I haven't the least idea. He looks like a very respectable old gentleman. Have you seen him before?" Jessie inquired, with no great interest.

"Have I? I should say so. That's the chap I told you about last evening. He's the fellow who shot the de-

tective."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the girl, in a tone of astonishment.

"I do mean it. I'd know him anywhere. He ought to be arrested."

"You can tell the proprietor of the inn about him when we return, and he will call the village constable's attention to the man's presence in this neighborhood," said Miss Sprague.

"If I were alone I'd track the rascal and see where he is bound," said Jones.

"And run the chance of him shooting you as he did the detective," the girl said. "I don't believe in looking for trouble."

"But he's liable to get away. I'd like to know what brought him away up here from Kingston. I'll bet he's looking for some quiet farmhouse to put up at until the hue and cry has died out. He couldn't very well hide in the mountains unless he had a good supply of provisions, which it is clear he hasn't got."

"There are quite a number of farmhouses in this vicinity where he could stop if that is his intention," said

Jessie.

"And keep under cover. Well, if you're rested let's walk on," said Jones.

"I don't think we'd better go any further in this direction," she said.

"Why not?"

"We might meet that old man, and if he recognized you-"

"Suppose he did? What then?"

"It might lead to trouble."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"But I am, after what you have told me about him."

"Then let's hasten back and put the constable on his track," said Jones. "I am anxious to see him pulled in."

Jessie had no objection to that, so they retraced their way.

When they reached the inn Jones hunted up the landlord and told him about the bogus old man, and his presence in the mountains.

The proprietor agreed that the man ought to be arrested.

He ordered his light rig hitched up, and taking Jones with him, drove to the home of the village constable.

They found that official in his yard chopping wood.

The landlord of the inn introduced Jones, and the boy lost no time in laying the object of their errand before him.

"Are you sure he's the man who shot the detective?" asked Constable Marsh.

"I am positive. I sat next him in the car all the way from Weehawken to Kingston."

"I would get into trouble if I arrested the wrong man."

"I am willing to go along with you and point him out in case we find him."

"Well, I'll take one of my two deputies with us. As he's armed we can't afford to take any chances with him."

It was arranged that Wall Street Jones was to return to the inn with the proprietor, and Constable Marsh said he would call for him in the course of an hour.

Within the stipulated time the constable drove up to the inn with one of his deputies, and Jones, taking leave of Jessie, who begged him to be careful of himself, joined them.

"You saw him pass the glen where the waterfall is?" said Marsh.

"Yes. I was out walking with a young lady at the time and we were resting there when he came along."

"I think you are right in believing that it is his intention to put up at one of the farmhouses around here," said the constable. "He couldn't exist in any hiding-place in the mountains unless he had food. If he applied for food at a farmhouse he would be regarded with suspicion. Many of the farmers never have more than two or three boarders, and the chances are he could remain in one of the places for the whole season without his real identity being discovered."

"He may have kept on to the next village," suggested

the deputy.

"Well, we'll visit some of the farms, and if we fail to find him we'll go on to Pattenville," said the constable.

They soon passed the glen with the waterfall and in the course of a quarter of an hour drove into the yard of a farmhouse.

The constable got out and hunted up the farmer.

His inquiries developed the information that a whitehaired man had applied there for board for a couple of weeks or longer, but not having accommodation for another boarder the farmer had referred him to the Fletcher farmhouse, a mile further up the road, and the seeming old man had gone on in that direction.

The farmer was curious to learn what the officer wanted with the old man, but the constable did not care to satisfy his curiosity.

He returned to the wagon and they started for the Fletcher place.

One unacquainted with the constable and his deputy would have taken them for a couple of farmers themselves.

Jones sat on the seat with Marsh, while Deputy Wilkins was perched at the back with his legs hanging over the dashboard.

The outfit looked very innocent, indeed, as it proceeded

along the road.

Marsh drove up the lane that led to the Fletcher farm, and turned into the big yard, that was bounded by the house, the truck patch, the barn, and a section of a meadow, which sloped up into rocky and unproductive ground.

Mrs. Fletcher came to the kitchen door with a sunbonnet

on.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Marsh. Do you want to see my husband? He's out in the corn-field. I'll blow the horn for him."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mrs. Fletcher. I merely stopped to inquire if you have taken a new boarder—an old-looking, white-haired man—this afternoon?"

"Why, yes, I've taken such a man," she replied in some surprise. "He was referred to me by Mr. Douglas, our neighbor below here. 'Is there anything wrong about him, Mr. Marsh?"

"Well, I suspect he is not what he seems to be," re-

plied the constable.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, with a look of alarm.
"He looks and acts like a very polite old gentleman. He told me that he came into the Catskills for his health."

"What did he say his name was?"

"Blakeley."

"Where did he say he came from?"

"From Albany."

The constable looked at Wall Street Jones.

"Where is he now, ma'am?" asked the boy.

"In his room, I believe, if he isn't on the veranda," she replied.

"There was no one on the veranda when we drove up,"

said the constable.

"I think we'd better go to his room and interview him," said Jones. "By the way he had a big, brown suit-case, didn't he?"

"Yes," she answered, with a nervous look.

"Where is the room he occupies, Mrs. Fletcher?"

"The front one, just above the roof of the veranda."

"Wilkins, go around in front, and keep watch," said the constable. "Now, Mrs. Fletcher, be kind enough to lead the way to his room."

"Dear me, I hope there is nothing wrong, Mr. Marsh. It would hurt us if it became known that we took anybody in who wasn't respectable," said the woman, much alarmed-

The constable made no reply as he and Jones, followed

the farmer's wife upstairs.

"You'd better go down, ma'am. I'll knock," said Marsh in a low tone.

Mrs. Fletcher retired as far as the foot of the stairs, where she paused to await developments.

The constable, fearing he might have a desperate man to deal with, placed his hand on his revolver and motioned Jones to knock on the door.

The Wall Street boy did so.

"Who is there?" asked a voice, presently.

"I am Mr. Marsh. I'd like to see you."

"What do you want to see me about? I don't know you."

"I'll explain when I come in."

No reply came to this, but in a moment or two the constable and Jones heard a piece of furniture pushed against the door.

"He's barricading himself in," whispered the boy. "He

means to escape by the window."

"Wilkins will cut him off then," said the constable, trying the door and finding it fast.

Jones looked through the keyhole, but could see nothing. Then he walked to the next door, opened it and entering ran to the half-open window and looked out.

He was just in time to see the white-haired man, valise in hand, stepping from his window on to the top of the veranda.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTURE OF THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN.

As the veranda roof ran under that window, too, Jones sprang out and rushed at the white-haired man, crying:

"Hold on there, where are you going?"

The seeming old man dropped his valise like a flash, wheeled around and drew his revolver which he leveled at the advancing boy point-blank and fired.

Only for kind Providence that would have been the end

of Wall Street Jones.

In his haste he slipped on the roof and went down on his back just as the man pulled the trigger.

The bullet skinned his ear as it was, and crashed through the upper sash of the window through which he had just passed.

Thinking he had killed or badly wounded the boy, whom he recognized as the lad who had tried to stop him from getting off the car at Kingston the night before, he tossed his suit-case to the ground and started to follow it by way of one of the posts.

Before he could accomplish his purpose Jones was on his feet and had hold of him by the head and shoulders.

"Let me go or I'll kill you!" cried the rascal, disconcerted by the unexpected resuscitation of the boy he thought he had downed, trying to pull his gun again.

Jones, knowing what he was up against, had no consideration for him, but slugged him a terrific blow behind the ear that dazed him for a moment or two.

The boy took advantage of the chance to wrench the revolver from his grasp.

"Now surrender, you scoundrel, or I'll blow the top of your head off," he said, in a determined tone, at the same time grabbing the white hair, which he was sure was false, and pulling it away from the man's face.

The white wig came with it and revealed the chap as a

voungish man of thirty-five or so.

At that moment Constable Marsh's head and shoulders appeared at the window through which the boy had come out, and Deputy Wilkins sprang out in front of the veranda below.

Mrs. Fletcher, who had nearly fainted when she heard the report of the revolver outside, ran to the kitchen, seized the horn and blew loudly and continuously for her husband.

Jones and his prisoner were engaged in a desperate

struggle on the roof, the boy not caring to carry out his threat to shoot; but as soon as he got the chance he reversed the weapon and struck the rascal a clip that sent his thoughts wool-gathering.

The blow ended the scrap and placed the man in Jones'

power.

"Got a pair of handcuffs?" he asked the constable, who was getting out of the window.

"Yes."

"Then clap them on this villain before he recovers." Mr. Marsh did so.

"He fired at you, didn't he? he said.

"I should say he did—at the distance of not over a yard. He had me dead. If I hadn't fallen on the roof by accident at the instant he fired I'd have probably been a dead boy all right. Now we'd better lower him down to your deputy."

Wilkins was called on to catch the man, and Jones and

the constable followed by way of the post.

The horn was still tooting away at the back of the house when the constable and his assistant bore the unconscious man to their wagon, Jones following behind with the fellow's revolver, suit-case and false hair.

Mr. Fletcher was running across the fields toward the

house in answer to the strenuous call.

Mr. Marsh waited till Farmer Fletcher came up, and explained the situation to him, giving the credit of the fellow's capture to Jones, who was responsible for the hunt after the rascal in the first place.

Getting a piece of rope from the farmer, the constable bound the prisoner's legs as an additional precaution, and then mounting to the seat with Jones, drove back to the

village of Jarvisville.

After lodging the prisoner in the lock-up, and leaving Wilkins on guard, the constable and Jones drove to the railroad station, where there was a telephone connection with Kingston.

The police of that town were communicated with, and word sent them that the man who had shot the detective

was in custody in Jarvisville.

The constable forwarded all the particulars, saying that the man's capture had been brought about by a New York boy named Jones, who had traveled from Weehawken in the same car with the prisoner, and was an eyewitness of the shooting of the officer on the train.

He added that Jones was spending a couple of weeks at the Mountain Inn on the outskirts of Jarvisville.

Mr. Marsh received word that an officer would be sent up in the morning to fetch the prisoner, who was an absconding bank clerk named Austin, wanted in New York.

"Why, that's the chap I read about in the paper yesterday morning," said Jones. "It was reported that he got away with something like \$100,000. Probably a large part of that money is in the suit-case, so you want to take good care of it, Mr. Marsh."

The constable drove the boy back to the inn, where he

arrived just in time for supper.

Everybody in the dining-room smiled and bowed to him when he entered, and even the girl waiters found him an object of great interest, for they, too, had heard of his connection with the capture of the disguised old man.

Of course, when he came out on the piazza, after the

meal, he was immediately surrounded by the guests, who wanted to know all about the capture of the man, and who the fellow was, and what he had done to cause his pursuit by the detective he had shot.

Jones told his thrilling account of the capture of the rascal, whose name he said was Austin, an absconding New York bank clerk.

Miss Sprague turned pale when he described how near he came to being killed by the man, and how accident alone saved his life at such close range.

The guests all praised his courage and nerve, and declared he was a real hero.

"You reckless boy," said Jessie to him when they later on walked off together in the moonlight, "I told you to be careful of yourself. Just think how I should have felt had you been killed."

"You know I would," she replied in a voice that showed not a little emotion.

"Do you really care for me—Jessie?" he asked, calling her by her first name for the first time.

"Yes," she answered in a low voice.

"And I care for you more than any one else in the world," he said, earnestly. "I care for you so much that I want you to become my wife some day. Will you?"

Her reply was evidently thoroughly satisfactory to him,

for he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Next day two officers came from Kingston for the prisoner, and as they wanted to see Jones, Constable Marsh drove them out to the inn, where they interviewed the Wall Street boy.

It was decided that he and the constable should accompany them and the prisoner to Kingston, as their presence would be required at the rascal's examination before the judge.

Accordingly Jones did not appear at supper that day at the inn, and Jessie explained the cause of his absence to the guests, who were curious about it.

News of the capture of Austin, the defaulter, had already been telegraphed to New York, and a detective had been sent to Kingston to bring him down the river, as the New York authorities asserted a prior right to him, notwithstanding the serious crime he had committed within the limits of the above-mentioned town.

When Jones reached Kingston he learned that the bank which had been robbed, had offered a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of its recreant clerk.

Under the circumstances the reward would probably be divided between him and the constable, though it was possible that the bank might consider him entitled to the lion's share, as he was mainly instrumental in capturing the absconder.

At any rate when the facts reached the New York newspapers, Wall Street Jones was once more brought into the limelight of public attention, and the brokers began talking about him in earnest, and wondering who he really was.

Jones gave his testimony against the prisoner at the examination in Kingston, and his story of the capture of the man was afterward secured from him by a reporter of the local morning daily and duly printed.

The New York papers availed themselves of the story

to round out their own account of the capture of the defaulter.

At the beginning of the following week Jones received a letter from the president of the robbed bank complimenting him on the services he had rendered the bank and the business community at large, and stating that the full reward would be paid to him in the course of a short time, and requesting that his private or business address be forwarded to the bank so that they could reach him.

The president said that an additional sum of \$1,000 would be sent to Constable Marsh for his share in the capture of Austin.

"This summer jaunt of mine has panned out well," Jones said to Jessie, after she had read the president's letter. "When I get that money I'll be worth over fifty thousand dollars."

"It has indeed," she replied; "but you earned it at the risk of your life."

At the end of Jessie's two weeks' vacation, she, her mother, and Jones, returned to New York, and the two young people took up their life in Wall Street once more.

CHAPTER XIV.

WALL STREET JONES MAKES ANOTHER STRIKE.

Wall Street Jones had been back at his office only a few days when he got the \$10,000 check from the bank, and on the same day he learned quite by accident that a number of well-known capitalists had come together for the purpose of cornering L. & M. shares, while most of the traders were out of town and unsuspicious that anything was likely to happen in Wall Street before September.

As soon as Jones had satisfied himself as to the reliability of his information he paid a visit to Talcott and ordered him to buy 5,000 shares of L. & M. on the quiet.

Talcott followed instructions and by three o'clock was able to send Jones word that he had secured the 5,000 shares.

During the balance of the week there wasn't the slightest ripple on the calm surface of Wall Street affairs.

On Tuesday of the following week L. & M. began to show unwonted activity.

It closed that day at a five-point advance and opened higher next morning.

Out-of-town traders got word about it and they came trooping into town to see what was going on.

The Exchange assumed a business-like air, and the newspapers printed news of the rise in L. & M. and the looking up of the stock market.

The excitement increased on Wednesday as L. & M. continued to advance rapidly, going up to 90 by noon.

A tremendous amount of business was done that afternoon for August and the stock closed at 93.

Next day things continued much the same way, and Jones, who was eagerly watching the course of events, for all his capital was up on his deal, decided to sell out when it reached 95.

He gave his order to Talcott and that trader disposed of his holdings in small batches at an average price of 953.

That gave Wall Street Jones a profit of \$75,000, and made him worth \$128,000.

The following day being the first of September Eddie Eastman walked into the Fifth Avenue building after his ten weeks' vacation, prepared to open up the office.

"Hello, Eddie, back again?" asked the elevator-man. "I haven't seen you for so long that I thought you had been sacked."

"Me sacked! Say, do you think my boss could get along without me?"

"Why not? There's no place on earth that can't be filled by somebody as good as the last-occupant."

"Then if I was you I wouldn't get too gay with this job of running the elevator, for the agent might dispossess you."

"I always attend strictly to business, Eddie, for I can't afford to be out of a job," replied the man.

"Well, if you should get fired, let me know and perhaps I can find you a better one."

"If you only would, Eddie," said the man, confidentially, "I'd make it all right with you. This position isn't paying a princely salary, and my hours are long and my duties somewhat exacting. I am married, have three kids, and have to look every penny over twice before I spend it."

"Well, that's too bad. Here's a tip for you. I believe I owe you one," and Eddie dropped a \$10 bill into the man's hand as he stepped out of the elevator.

The employee nearly had a fit when he saw the size of the bill.

He was sure Eddie had made a mistake and meant to give him a dollar, so he stopped the cage and ran after him.

"I don't want to rob you, Eddie. Do you know how much you gave me?"

"Sure. Ten dollars."

"Do you intend that I shall keep it?" cried the astonished man.

"I guess you can put it to good use-better than I can."

"Heaven bless you, Eddie," cried the man, for he needed \$10 badly at that moment and had been worrying all the morning about how he could get so much money. "That bill is a fortune to me. My little kid is sick and I can't pay the doctor what I owe him, so I've been worrying for fear he wouldn't call again."

"Oh, you're in a hole, are you," replied Eddie, impressed by the man's words and manner. "Want me to lend you \$20 more."

"You're joking, aren't you, Eddie?" replied the man.

"No, I'm in earnest."

"I'd like to borrow that amount if you'll take it back at the rate of a dollar a week, which is the only way I'd be able to pay it. I'd be willing to pay you a bonus, too, of three dollars."

"Never mind the bonus. Here's the twenty. You can pay it back any way you want to. I'll take your word for security."

Eddie shoved the bills into the man's hand and disappeared into the office of Thomas Q. Brown.

Neither Mr. Brown nor any of his associates showed up that day, nor for several days thereafter, during which time Eddie appeared regularly at two o'clock and quit on the stroke of five.

A letter addressed to Eddie was left by the postman

on Friday afternoon, and the boy found it on the floor though he knew that by so doing he would be acting against when he arrived.

It contained a check to Eddie's order for his week's wages and a note from Mr. Brown saying he would be at the office on Monday some time.

The boy stayed out his regular time, though he knew he would have nothing to do, and then went home and handed the check, which he endorsed, to his mother.

"Eddie you're the luckiest boy in the world to have such

a job," said his sister May.

"I agree with you," he replied, and then added, laughingly, "if I hold it long enough I'll be worth a quarter of a million at least."

"A quarter of a million! Why don't you say a whole million?"

"Because that's putting the limit a little bit too high."

"Oh, indeed. Well, you've got a thousand in the bank towards it."

"Yes, I know that."

"Why weren't you as fortunate while you were away in the country as your friend Wall Street Jones? He captured a bank defaulter and received a reward of \$10,000."

"I'm not good at conundrums, sis."

"And that reminds me that you never let us know where you went on your vacation. You wouldn't even tell mother: What's the mystery? Is there a girl in it?"

"You've guessed it."

"Is that really a fact? Have you got a girl? Tell me about her. She's pretty, of course. Where does she live, and what is her name?"

"You want to know too much all at once, sis. I'm going to take you around to her house shortly and introduce you to her."

"Are you really?" laughed May. "So she lives in this city then? Where?"

"Oh, not a thousand miles from here."

"How did you get acquainted with her?"

"That's one of my secrets."

"I don't see any reason to make a secret of it."

"That's because you don't see things like me."

At that moment their mother called them to supper, and that ended the talk for the present about Eddie's girl.

It was not till the first of October that the Thomas Q. Brown syndicate began to grow active again, and then Eddie found out that the members were laying their plans to corner United Traction stock.

He also learned after a few days that they had tackled a pretty strong proposition, but as the syndicate had lots of money their success seemed pretty well assured.

Furthermore he discovered that they were basing their plans largely on getting possession of the shares of the widow of a large stockholder who had lately died leaving his affairs somewhat involved.

There are tricks in all trades, and it appeared it was only by working a trick of high finance on the lady that they could see their way to squeezing her holdings out of her possession at a price that was somewhat below the market.

Eddie thought the trick a mean one to play on a woman

who was in a tight fix.

In fact his sympathy was aroused in behalf of the lady

the interests of Thomas Q. Brown, his boss.

So Eddie set his wits to work and what he did will ap-

CHAPTER XV.

WALL STREET JONES TRIMS THE TRICKY TRADERS.

During the month of September Wall Street Jones was rather irregular in his attendance at his office, and he did not appear at all in the afternoon.

Whether it was because he was now worth a lot of money, or for some other reason, certain it is he appeared to be

taking things easy.

At the beginning of the second week in October Wall Street Jones began coming regularly to his office, and he seemed to be full of business—at least he did a lot of figuring on his pad, and appeared to be making certain momentous calculations.

One morning Jones came downtown extra early.

The clock of Trinity Church was pointing to half-past eight when he entered his office.

On the stroke of nine he locked up and went to his safe deposit vault and took out nearly all the money he had in his box.

The bills were of large denominations, which he put in an envelope, and stowed carefully away in an inside pocket.

Then he went down to the Cortlandt Street ferry and took a boat for Jersey City.

As soon as he landed he boarded a car for a suburb of Newark, and in the course of time entered the grounds of a handsome villa.

A natty-looking maid answered his ring and he asked for Mrs. Doane.

He was shown into the reception-room and in a short time the lady of the house, who was dressed in deep mourning, appeared.

Wall Street Jones introduced himself and got down

to business at once.

What he said to the lady at first surprised her, and an anxious look appeared on her face.

"I know Mr. Brown well," she said, "and it doesn't seem possible that he would take such an unfair advantage of me as that."

"It is not only possible, but it's a fact, madam. Everything is fair in Wall Street, even when it involves loss or even ruin to one's best friend."

"Why have you come to tell me this?"

"Because, madam, I am the only anchor you have to rely on."

"But I never saw you before. Why do you take such

interest in my affairs?"

"From my natural chivalry toward women, in the first place, particularly when, as in your case, a woman is about to be made the object of an unscrupulous deal in high finance; and secondly, because I can make \$100,000 by doing you a good turn," replied Wall Street Jones, frank-

"You, a boy, make \$100,000!" she exclaimed.

"Why not? I have already made over that amount inand he determined to see if he couldn't help her out, side of this year in the stock market off the small capital

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of \$1,000. I dare say this statement astonishes you, but it is easily proved, as my broker, Mr. Talcott, of No. — Broad Street, will verify my statement."

"How do you propose to help me and make \$100,000, too?"

"There is only one way—you will have to sell me your stock at the market price, accepting \$125,000 in cash on account. That is a fair proposition, I think, as I understand you need about that sum to rescue your late husband's life insurance policies which he transferred to Thomas Q. Brown for the loan of that amount. Those policies are worth \$200,000, and will shortly be collected by Mr. Brown from the insurance companies unless you are able to pay him the amount of \$125,000."

"But surely he will return to me the difference between their face value and the amount due him with interest? As administratrix of my husband's estate I could compel him to do so."

"Yes, madam, if Mr. Brown did not hold notes of hand from your husband that more than cover the difference. Those notes are not yet due, and are contestable. You can do nothing unless you secure the life insurance policies within this week. The cash I offer you will put you in a position to do that, and clear the sum of \$75,000. I think on reflection you will find it to your interest to accept, for Mr. Brown intends to force down the value of United Traction at once so that you will not be able to get what I now offer you for it. He can do nothing against me if I control the stock, and as the price will eventually go up again at least ten points above its present value I will then make the profit I am looking for."

Jones talked some time with the widow and in the end carried his point.

He paid her \$125,000 in cash, and obtained from her a thirty-day option on 10,000 shares worth \$600,000.

"Now, Mr. Brown, your little game is blocked and the game of your syndicate to get control of the road is also blocked unless you pay me my price for the shares, and that price won't be a small one, because those 10,000 shares represent the key to the situation. With them you and the syndicate can secure control of the traction line; without them you are in the minority. In this little Wall Street game of high finance I reckon I hold a full hand. The next move you make on the chess-board of chance you will discover that you are checkmated."

Thus pondered Jones as he made his way back to the ferry slip in Jersey City and took the next boat for New York.

Next day United Traction began to decline in the market and in a few hours it reached 45, representing a paper loss to Jones of \$150,000.

About that time a representative of Mrs. Doane's called on Thomas Q. Brown with a check for \$125,000, and a demand' for the return of the life insurance policies pledged for that sum of money.

Brown was greatly disconcerted, but was forced to hand the policies over.

Thus his personal game against the widow of his lifelong friend Doane was effectually blocked for good.

However, he comforted himself with the reflection that the \$200,000 the lady would receive from the life insurance companies would not be paid in time to enable her to hold on to the block of traction stock his syndicate was playing for.

He and his associates had secured every share but the 10,000 the lady held, that was to be got, and they needed only 7,000 to make their scheme a winner.

As the stock didn't come out with the drop of 15 points, they forced it down another five on the following day.

Then it was that Thomas Q. Brown received the surprise of his life.

That was a note from Wall Street Jones telling himthat he had bought the stock of Mrs. Doane and would entertain an offer for it, provided it was above 70.

"Who in creation is this Wall Street Jones?" said Brown to Gay when the latter walked into the downtown office of

Mr. Brown.

"Why, don't you remember we passed his door one day in the Eagle Building?" replied Gay. "What about him?"

Then Brown showed Gay the letter he had just received from Jones.

"Why, how could he have learned that you are interested in United Traction?"

"That's what puzzles me. This matter must be put before the syndicate this afternoon at our uptown office. If our secret has leaked out the deal is liable to go crooked and do us up in a large amount of money. If somebody has given us away I want to know who it is."

"Maybe Eddie has taken advantage of his opportunities

and gone back on us."

"I hope not, for we have trusted the boy implicitly, and have paid him well and given him a soft berth in exchange for his faithfulness. It wouldn't pay him to go back on us. It would be against his interests, and nobody but a fool would kill the goose that laid him golden eggs."

"Well, the matter looks serious. We will all have to consider it this afternoon," said Gay. "I can't see how this Wall Street Jones could have secured the stock from Mrs. Doane. It's worth \$400,000 at its present depreciated price. It is bound to go back to 60 if we fail to buy the shares. And up to 80 if we get them. This Jones has a most astonishing nerve to ask such a figure as 70 for them when the market price is only 40. One would think he knew all about our plans."

"That is just what is worrying me," replied Brown. "If he knows he has got us where the hair is short. We'll have to pay him his price or let the deal go and lose a small raft

That afternoon there was an excited session of the syndicate at the Fifth Avenue offices, and for the first time, Eddie Eastman did not show up, or send any excuse for his non-appearance.

Just as the meeting was breaking up a messenger boy ap-

peared with a note addressed to Mr. Brown.

It was signed "Wall Street Jones," and gave Mr. Brown to understand that the writer was fully informed of every detail of the syndicate's plan to capture the control of United Traction.

"I will give you till to-morrow noon to buy the 10,000 shares at 75," he concluded, "and will remain at my office till that hour for you to take me up. If you fail to come I will understand that you don't want them and will accept an offer made to me by those now in control of the road."

Thomas Q. Brown gasped when he read it, and then read it to the members of the syndicate.

If a bomb had exploded in the office they couldn't be more surprised.

After an excited discussion all were convinced that the missing Eddie had learned more than they suspected and had gone back on them for a bribe.

Next day close on to noon an excited bunch of traders appeared in front of Wall Street Jones' office and tried to get in, but found the door locked.

"He isn't here, said Brown. "What are we to do?"

The transom suddenly swung open and Jones' head and arms appeared in the opening.

He looked down upon the angry brokers in the corridor. "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" he asked suavely. "Have you come to settle?"

The traders uttered an exclamation of angry surprise.

"Eddie Eastman!" escaped each lip.

"You young rascal! So you have played us false," roared Brown. "You have sold us out to Wall Street Jones."

"I have sold you out to nobody. I am Wall Street Jones. I hold the 10,000 shares of United Traction formerly the property of Mrs. Doane. My price, as I wrote you, is 75. Do I get it or don't I?"

"Who in thunder are you acting for?"

"I am acting for yours truly, Eddie Eastman, and nobody else."

"This is some trick."

"And what was your move against Mrs. Doane but a trick of high finance? I have blocked you. Buy at 75 or throw up your hands."

Brown swore roundly, and so did the other members of the syndicate present, but in the end they had to give the price asked, and so "Wall Street Jones" trimmed the bunch of tricky traders.

A few days later a new sign appeared on the door-"Eddie Eastman (late Wall Street Jones), Stocks and Bonds," and a new broker had come into the Street.

A few months later Lawver Pratt lost his lovely clerk, who became Mrs. Eddie Eastman, and they took up house-

keeping in a new house in the Bronx.

Then it was that Wall Street learned for the first time that Eddie Eastman, the boy broker, was the person who had for nearly a year masqueraded under the name of Wall Street Jones, and that he trimmed the trickiest syndicate of traders in the financial district.

THE END.

Read "FRED THE FAKER; OR, THE SUCCESS OF A YOUNG STREET MERCHANT," which will be the next number (225) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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GOOD STORIES.

The Lancet, the authoritative medical paper of England, asserts that Englishmen and Americans eat too much. "As the fire of life burns less fiercely and the output of energy is smaller," says the writer, "so the fuel supplied should be reduced, that the system may not be clogged with ashes and half-burned cinders, whereby the activity of the whole machine is from time to time impaired and may even be prematurely arrested."

Colonel Frank Touvelle, a rancher living near Medford, Ore., is said to have produced a deep-rooted vine which brings forth three crops of berries in a season, which result has been obtained by grafting alfalfa roots on the roots of the strawberry vine. Alfalfa roots deeply and produces three to five crops a year without irrigation. It occurred to him that strawberries might do the same if the vine could be made to extend down far enough, so as to receive moisture from the soil throughout the season.

Just north of the Himalaya mountain range in Chinese Turkestan lies a belt of land which is watered by north-flowing rivers. These, however, do not flow anywhere, but lose themselves in the sand of the desert. The worst deserts of America are mere child's play to the desert conditions in this part of Asia. In many places there were formerly, one thousand or two thousand years ago, a condition of soil and climate so that they could support a considerable population. There are the remains of villages and even cities, which must have had water in large quantities, in places now far distant from any reliable source of supply. So dry is the country that ruins of wooden houses which have been exposed to the weather for ten centuries or more have hardly the beginnings of decay.

A gasolene tank rarely explodes. It cannot unless it contains gasolene vapor and air in explosive proportions, which latter condition is almost never present. It does not explode because it contains too little air or too much gasolene. Even if a tank of gasolene were to burst from heat applied to its exterior the confined heavy gas would not explode if in contact with flame or fire, but would burn instead. True, a tank of gasolene with no vent could do considerable damage were it to burst and throw burning oil and flaming gas about, but 1,000 gallons of gasolene in a vessel's bilges would not be so dangerous from explosion as a hundredth of that amount. The larger quantity would burn rapidly, while the smaller would be sufficient, if mixed with the proper amount of air, to utterly demolish almost any boat.

The rejected tin can is generally regarded as a typically worthless object. Nevertheless in these economical days it does really possess a not inconsiderable value. In fact, there is hardly a tin can thrown away anywhere that is not eventually turned to some useful account. Most tin cans in cities find their way to the ash dumps, from which they are carefully collected by professional scavengers, who know where to find a market for them. There are factories which are exclusively engaged in the business of dealing with just this sort of material. The first process consists in exposing the cans to a high heat, which melts the solder—the latter running off into a separate receptacle, to be sold afterward at 12 cents a pound. By this means the tops and bottoms of the cans are removed-to be subsequently smashed into homogeneous masses with a steam hammer and cut up into sash weights for windows. But those cans which are in A1 second-hand condition have only the tops unsoldered, and are afterwards utilized as receptacles for paints and varnishes. The paint can of to-day may have held soup or tomatoes in a previous stage of its existence. The cylindrical parts of the cans are usually more or less dented and battered. This, however, is not a matter of any importance, for they are rolled out perfectly flat by machinery, and in this shape serve extensively as roofing material for shanties and other small buildings, as well as to cover the bottoms and corners of trunks.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"What did father say when you asked him for me?" "He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."

Sir Pompey—I say, Blaggs, you've got a fine lot of ancestors. Mr. Blaggs—Bless yer 'eart, Sir Pompey, they ain't mine—they're the children's.

"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?"
"Yes," she replied archly; "and guess what?" "Well?" "One
of them wanted to marry me."

"I see," said Waggaby, behind his morning paper, "there is a great uprising in the East." "What? A rebellion in Persia?" cried his interested guest. "No; only the sun."

"Mamma, every Sunday the man reads how much money each class gives, and then he tells how much Total gives, and Total gives more than any one. He must be a rich man. Who is Total, mamma?"

Tramp—I'd like a drink, but I don't suppose you'd want to change this five-dollar bill. Bartender (briskly)—No trouble about change. Here's your medicine. Tramp—Thanks. Ah! That's good whisky. Bartender—Eh? Lookee here! This bill is no good! Tramp—Yes, I said you wouldn't want to change it.

The woman wished to leave the car at Seventy-eighth Street. Being of the self-sufficient type, she scorned to signal to the conductor, but rang the bell herself. She rang it twice. The car sped on. At the next corner and again at the next corner the process was repeated. Then the woman appealed to the conductor. "This is outrageous," she said angrily. "If that motorman doesn't look out I shall report him, and you, too. Why doesn't he stop when I ring the bell?" "Because you told him not to," said the conductor. "If you keep on ringing twice you won't get off this side of Albany. Two bells is the signal to go ahead."

TOM MERRY'S MASCOT

By Horace Appleton.

Tom Merry was a bachelor of thirty, but he looked considerably older at the time, and more especially when he was in a thoughtful mood.

He was in a thoughtful mood as he was crossing the South Ferry to Brooklyn one night, after he had put in a weary day in a lawyer's office in the lower part of the City of New York.

As the boat was pushing into the slip a little boy toddled out of the cabin toward him, and caught him by the coat as he lisped forth:

"Papa."

At that moment a tall woman, wearing a dark veil, followed the child out of the cabin, and caught him as if to draw him away from Tom, as she said in husky tones:

"You bad boy, that is not your father. Please excuse the child, sir."

The people were hurrying out of the boat at the moment, and as the little fellow still clung to Tom Merry, he bent down and raised him in his arms, saying, in his good-natured tones:

"All right, madam, I will take the little fellow up over the bridge."

And without waiting for the consent of the lady, who was dressed in black, he sprang up toward the ferry gate with the little boy, who appeared to cling to him in the most friendly manner. The lady followed hastily, and when she reached the gate a tall man, who appeared to be muffled up with the collar of his fall overcoat, sprang at her and seized her by the arm, crying:

"I have caught you at last! Now I want you to come right home with me."

"You are mistaken, sir, as I do not know you. Let go of my arm, I beg you."

"If the lady is your wife," protested Tom Merry, "you shouldn't break her arm in that way, and I ask you to let her go also."

The stranger answered by raising his right arm and aiming a blow at Tom's face.

Tom did not fancy the kindness intended for him, and he warded off the blow with his right hand, giving the fellow a severe push at the same time.

The stranger fell to the ground grumbling fearfully, and releasing his grasp on the woman at the same time.

Then away she darted, flying like a hunted criminal as she turned down Furman Street.

Tom Merry drew back, expecting the man to assail him

When the man regained his feet, however, he did not attempt to assail Tom, but hastened away after the woman.

When Tom reached Furman Street with the little boy in his arms he looked down in search of the woman and her pursuer. but could not see a trace of the man or the woman.

He kept walking up and down the street for fully ten minutes, while the little fellow in his arms appeared to be perfectly contented, as he soon fell into a sound slumber.

After reflecting for some time longer, the puzzled man decided to take the little fellow to his own room, which was only a few streets away, and then give notice to the nearest police station as to where he lived, so that the father or mother might be informed about him.

On examining the sleeping boy by the light of his lamp, the

and four years old, and that he was dressed in very comfortable clothes.

After removing his outer garments and his little shoes without disturbing the child, Tom placed him at the foot of the bed and covered him up carefully as he said to himself:

"The best thing I can do is to take a walk around again, and if I don't see the mother to go and report the affair to the station-house."

Tom did not see anything of the mother, and he made his way to the station-house near the City Hall, where he reported the case to the sergeant, giving his address and his place of business in New York at the same time.

When the weary man returned to his humble bedroom again, he was not in the humor for work, and he took a seat in his old armchair, as he said to himself:

"I'll rest awhile and then tackle the work."

He did rest a while, as he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awaken until after daylight in the morning.

The little stranger was still sleeping soundly in the bed, and after rubbing his eyes and washing himself in cold water, Tom thought of his work and proceeded to light his pipe.

He then commenced to write away as fast as he could, expecting every moment to hear a policeman at the door with the boy's mother or father.

It was half-past nine o'clock before Tom Merry finished the copying, and no messenger had arrived from the police station up to that time.

As it was all important for him to hasten over to the lawyer's office with his work, he paid a hurried visit to the old landlady, told her the truth about the boy in as few words as possible, and then left him in her charge.

When he arrived at the office he found a very good piece of news before him in the form of a letter from one of the leading New York publishers.

Tom Merry had written a novel some time before, and he had sent the manuscript for publication to several publishers, but it had been rejected time and again.

That novel was at last accepted by a good house, and Tom was offered a fair price for it at a time when he was sadly in need of a few dollars.

On reaching the house he found that no one had come to inquire about the little stranger, and he then hastened away to the station-house to make inquiries there.

Yes, a young woman had inquired about the boy very early in the morning, and the sergeant had given her both the Brooklyn and the New York City addresses of the man who had taken charge of him for the night.

Tom Merry hastened back to his boarding-house again, only to learn that the child's mother had not called there as yet.

On reaching his old employer's office in the afternoon he found a letter addressed to him in a lady's fine handwriting.

It was from the boy's mother, and in it she begged him, in the most imploring terms, to care for the child for the present, while she promised to remunerate him for his trouble.

The letter concluded by saying:

"The man who assailed me last night has been the bane of my life, and he is not my husband, but he is my child's uncle. The child's father died six months ago, and he did resemble

"I am compelled to fly in haste from the wretch who is prosecuting me, and I dare not take my boy with me, fearing that his uncle would pursue me through him. I cannot give you my name or my future address, as goodness only knows where I will have to fly. If you have the heart of a man, take care of the child for his own sake, and he will reward you in future if I do not.

"It may be days, months, or even years before you hear man saw that he was a handsome little fellow between three from me again, but a persecuted and unhappy woman swears

to you that you will never regret the kindness you may show to the little boy, who called you father on first beholding you."

Having no near relatives in the world that he knew of, Tom took the little boy to a respectable boarding-house in Harlem, where he represented him as his own son.

The boy's protector was known in New York-City to his very few friends as Tom Merry, but that was not his real name.

Some years before his father became involved in a disgraceful affair in the great city, and Tom thought it best to travel under an assumed name.

Very soon after taking charge of the boy, and when the old man was ten years in his grave, certain revelations appeared in the New York papers which proved that he was an innocent man, and that he was the victim of clever sharpers.

About the time that the revelations were published, Tom received a splendid offer from a mercantile house in San Francisco, and he went to that city, taking little Massey as the boy called himself, with him.

On arriving on the shores of the Pacific, the honest fellow assumed his real name again, and that was Tobias Merriman.

As the woman had suggested in her letter, days, months and years did pass away before he heard from her again, and the little boy rewarded him fully for all the kindness lavished on him. The former Tom Merry became a very prosperous merchant in San Francisco, and he made a splendid reputation as an author in the meantime.

Young Massey grew to be a splendid boy, and his adopted father became as much attached to him as if he were his own son.

When young Massey Merriman, as he was called, was fifteen years of age, his father took him on a trip to the East, and they arrived in the city of New York in safety.

Desiring to know if the strange lady had ever made inquiries about her son, he called at the office of the old lawyer, where he found two letters awaiting him there for over eight years.

They were both written from London by Massey's mother, and one of them inclosed a draft for one hundred dollars.

Each of the letters contained the most particular inquiries about her son, and expressions of gratitude to his protector, while she also declared that it was impossible for his mother to take charge of him at the time, as she would soon be compelled to fly again from the man who was persecuting her.

The old lawyer then declared that a lady had called at the office one month before to make inquiries about Thomas Merry.

The letters from London were signed "Emma Wheeler," and the lady who had called at the lawyer's office gave the same name, but she did not leave any address or state when she would call again.

The anxious man left his New York address for the time with the old lawyer, and then hastened away to insert advertisements in the New York papers addressed to Emma Wheeler, in which he intimated where Thomas Merry could be found.

The adopted father took his son to the theater that night to see a famous actress who had returned to America after many years of triumph in Europe and Australia.

Merriman was surprised upon hearing the voice of the great actress, and he turned to gaze at the boy beside him, as he said to himself:

"Blame my eyes, if that isn't just like the voice of the woman I heard on the ferry-boat that night. Can it be that it is my mascot's mother?"

Merriman kept asking the question during the whole performance, and he was asking it still when they went out into the street, while he continued, saying:

"If I could only find out where she is stopping, I would call on her this very night."

He moved around with the boy to the stage entrance of the theater, when he heard a terrified scream, and he then saw a woman near the stage door struggling with a man.

Young Massey sprang forward in an impetuous manner on hearing the cry, and he struck the strange man to the ground before his adopted father could prevent him.

The woman sprang into the cab waiting for her, and the driver started on the instant, while Merriman dragged his son into another conveyance as he said to the driver:

"Follow the actress, and I will pay you well."

The two cabs were soon rolling away up Broadway, and a third followed soon after.

The actress was just entering her private boarding-house as she heard hurried footsteps behind her, and then a voice fell upon her ear, saying:

"Miss Parker, may I not speak a few words with you?"

Before the actress could reply her old assailant sprang out of the third cab and ran at her like a crazy man, crying:

"I tell you I must have the boy. Give him up to me, or it will be worse for you."

Merriman recognized the voice on the instant, although it was years since he had heard it before.

The actress stared down at Merriman and the young lad with eager eyes.

"Who are you, sir?"

"I was once known as Tom Merry, madam."

The words were scarcely uttered when the woman gave a cry of astonishment, and she then gazed at the lad, crying:

"Is this dear Massey?"

"It is, madam."

Flinging her arms around the neck of the astonished boy, the woman cried:

"My dear, dear son, I am able to protect you now, and to reward the good man who saved you that night."

The crazy man seized the woman at the moment, when Merriman caught him and looked at him straight in the eyes as he cried:

"Frank Merriman, do you not know me?"

"My brother Tobias!" gasped the fellow, who was about two years older than Massey's protector.

He then fell down, as if in a fit, and Tobias bent over him, saying:

"I thought he was dead long ago."

"He ought to be in the madhouse," cried the excited woman, "as he has been the bane of my life."

Tobias Merriman had his brother removed to the hospital as soon as possible, and the doctors there declared that he was a raying maniac.

The actress then explained that she had married George Merriman in South America about sixteen years before, and that Massey was their son.

Tobias Merriman had two brothers who went to South America over twenty years before, and he had never heard of them after.

On the death of her-husband Frank Merriman insisted that she would become his wife, but the woman refused.

Then commenced a career of persecution which only ended on the death of the crazy man, which took place three nights after the meeting near the theater.

Tom Merry's mascot was really his own nephew, after all, and the bright lad was heir to a large estate in South America, which had been held from him by his crazy uncle.

About three months after Merriman and his mascot returned to San Francisco, and Massey's mother returned with them.

Tobias Merriman prevailed on the actress to become his wife soon after, and the good man had never reason to regret the night when he first discovered his little mascot who had addressed him as papa.

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